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Private View of Heaven

By SHEILA FRAZER

13 SEP 1951
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

AS Mrs. Bingham climbed the steep, dark stairs to her son's flat, the familiar feeling of resentment began to sweep over her. It started as a steady drip-drip of poison, but soon it clouded every feature of her face and wrapped itself about her neat body like a thick, black cloak.

By the time she reached the third floor her eyes had grown sharply critical, her mouth had tightened ominously, and her normally pleasant face had become hard and sulky.

She knocked with a sharp rat-tat on the door at the top of the fourth flight of stairs and waited, breathing heavily after her climb.

The flat consisted of the whole of the top floor of a very old house, an attic Mrs. Bingham called it. At the top of that last flight of

stairs they had put a door, and on the door was a foolish brass door-knocker shaped like a horse's head.

"It seems to make us more self-contained," they had explained, chuckling at their own absurdity.

Somehow it was their continual jokes and foolish laughter that provoked Mrs. Bingham most. It seemed to set them apart from her and make her feel old. It also contributed in some inexplicable way to her dislike of Catherine, her son's wife.

She had several times talked over this dislike with her married daughter, Brenda. Every Wednesday morning Mrs. Bingham and Brenda met for a day's shopping in town, and the first thing they did was to go and have a quiet cup of coffee. Settling themselves opposite each other at a small table, they would sigh with contentment at their reunion.

They were very much alike, this mother and daughter. Neither was very tall, but they had neat figures, spreading only the least bit about the hips, and both were clad in impeccable town suits. Grey hair and near-blond hair were arranged in casual symmetry round two similar small felt hats. Gloves, handbags, and umbrellas — which they always carried whatever the weather — were stacked carefully on the empty chair on the wall side of the table.

"How's Tom?" Mrs. Bingham would ask.

"He's fine," Brenda would reply, biting into an éclair with small, even teeth.

Mrs. Bingham always encouraged Brenda to do the talking during the early stages of their "elevenes," for she was sure that sooner or later Brenda would put the question for which she was waiting.

"Did you go to Bob's to tea on Sunday?" Brenda would ask at last, and Mrs. Bingham would nod, eyes gleaming.

"When I got there I found her asleep in a chair, wearing an old pair of slacks and a jersey, and Bob was in the kitchen getting tea ready himself," she would say, her eyes round with indignation.

Or: "Would you believe it, they've still no curtains in the bedroom! When I mentioned that lovely net we saw the other day, do you know what Catherine said? 'Oh, we like the room without curtains. It's nice being able to lie in bed at night and watch the moon and the stars. It makes us feel as though we've got our own private view of heaven.' And she and Bob both laughed."

"I can't think why he was in such a hurry to marry her," Brenda would say. "After all, they hadn't known each other very long!"

Please turn to page 8



"I've finished the picture at last," Catherine said excitedly, coming towards them.

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MR. BINGHAM sighed. "Well, I warned him," she said, "and when I knew that he was quite determined I did offer them a home with me. After all, I have plenty of room, and I could have helped her out in lots of little ways."

That was the thing about which she had felt most bitter—their tactful rejection of her offer, that and the fact that Bob, who had always had the best of everything, should have left his comfortable, almost luxurious, home to go and live in an attic in a rather sordid neighborhood.

She had told him exactly what she thought of the place straight away.

"Oh, it's not as bad as all that, mother," Bob had said humorously. "It's cheap, and you must admit the view is one of the best."

"A view won't serve to keep you warm and well-fed for very long," his mother had snorted. After all, Catherine was an artist, and had cheerfully confessed that she was quite "slap-happy" when it came to cooking and house-keeping.

"He'll be begging to come back in a little while," Brenda had told her mother comfortingly. "You know what men are! He'll find the Bohemian way of living exciting at first—but I give him till Christmas to get tired of it."

But Christmas came and went, and Bob and Catherine seemed happier than ever. Mrs. Bingham still went to tea each Sunday, partly because she missed Bob so much, but also because she hoped each time she mounted the stairs to hear sounds of a quarrel in progress instead of the usual laughter or scuffling.

All the week she buoyed herself up with this hope, and then, when Sunday came and she climbed the stairs again, it died within her.

Standing there on the top stair, lost in resentment and angry reflections, she suddenly realised that no one had replied to her knock and that the flat seemed unnaturally quiet. She knocked again, still more sharply.

Almost immediately the door opened, and Bob stood on the threshold, looking absurd in a pink, frilled apron tied round his middle.

"Mother!" he exclaimed. "You're early, aren't you?"

Mrs. Bingham looked at the gold watch on her wrist before replying. "It is exactly five minutes past four," she said a little grimly. "Didn't you expect me at four as usual?"

"Oh!" Bob said. "Is it as late as that? I'm still washing up the lunch things!"

Mrs. Bingham walked past him into the postage-stamp sized landing, which had been made into a hall, and noticed with satisfaction a coating of

Private View of Heaven

Continued from page 7

dust on the small table.

"Where's Catherine?" she demanded.

"Shhh," Bob whispered. "Come into the kitchen, mother."

It pleased her enormously to take command, scouring away at a saucer of the table. They've quarrelled, she decided, looking at his moody expression. It had to come sooner or later.

"Catherine should get a brush for her pans," she said. "I wouldn't be satisfied with saucepans like these in my home."

"Yes," he said, with complete disinterest. "But Catherine isn't really interested in pots and pans, mother."

"Surely," she said. "Surely it is a wife's duty to take a pride in her kitchen!"

Bob shrugged. "Oh, duty!" he said. That was all.

"Shall I make a few scones for tea?" Mrs. Bingham suggested. "Some of those soda scones you used to enjoy?"

"If you like," Bob said without enthusiasm. But he got out the flour and other ingredients for her, and put the kettle on the stove. She felt encouraged.

"Something on your mind, son?" she asked casually.

His lips closed obstinately, and his eyes became wary.

"Of course not, mother," he said, and walked out of the kitchen.

Half an hour later Mrs. Bingham wheeled the tea trolley into the little sitting-room. She had set it with the rose and white antique service she had given Bob and Catherine for Christmas, but which they never seemed to use.

The scones looked hot and inviting. There was good, strong tea made the way Bob liked it, a plate of dainty sandwiches, and a few chocolate biscuits she had found.

The sitting-room was a cheerful place, as Mrs. Bingham had felt bound to admit several times to Brenda.

The floor was made of wood blocks, highly polished, and there were several cream and chocolate-brown rugs scattered about. The walls were discoloured by a soft, yellowish cream, and quite bare, except for Catherine's precious Van Gogh reproduction.

"It's the only possession she has that she really values, except me," Bob had said once, and they had looked at each other and laughed.

It was not Mrs. Bingham's idea of a drawing-room, but she could not deny that it was cheerful and pleasing to look at.

She wheeled the tea trolley in, uncasily thinking that perhaps the antique tea service did not belong very well in this room after all, and that Catherine knew what she was

doing when she used a plain cream one set on a yellow linen tea-cloth.

Still, she told herself, this rose and white service is valuable, and it will remind Bob of home and the way he used to live.

Bob, prowling unhappily round the room, came and looked at the trolley. "You've only laid for two."

"I didn't know whether Catherine would be here for tea," she said uncertainly.

"She's here right now," Bob said unhappily.

He went out of the sitting-room and Mrs. Bingham heard him tap on the bedroom door.

"Will you come out and have a cup of tea, darling?" he asked, his voice pleading, almost humble. "Or shall I bring one in to you?"

"Neither—and for pity's sake leave me alone!" Catherine's voice, though muffled, was distinctly irritable.

Bob came back into the room and stood staring miserably out the window.

"Bob, dear," Mrs. Bingham murmured. "I don't want to interfere, but I think you should stand up to Catherine a bit. She doesn't look after you properly and—well, do you think a woman would speak like that to the man she loved?"

BOB walked over to her from the window and stood looking down at her.

"Mother," he said, and his voice was almost menacing. "It isn't the least use your trying to make me quarrel with Catherine. I don't care whether she looks after me or not. I don't care how she speaks to me. I love her. We love each other. And if you aren't willing to accept that fact, then you had better give up visiting us!"

They drank their tea in hostile silence.

She dabbed at her lips with a handkerchief, and straightened her hat. "I suppose I had better go now," she said.

"I suppose you had," Bob agreed coldly.

And then the door opened, and Catherine stood in the doorway.

She was not a beautiful girl by ordinary standards, but personality shone out of her eyes, hovered about her lips, and gave her a light that few women have.

Her hair, falling carelessly loose, was golden brown, and her skin was warm cream. She was wearing a man's green-and-white-striped pyjamas, the legs rolled up to the knees, the sleeves pushed up above her elbows, and a green scarf. She looked quietly triumphant.

"It's finished!" she said. Bob jumped to his feet.

"Oh, darling!" he said. "What a relief! You've had nothing to eat all day!"

"It doesn't matter," she said. "It's finished, and that is all that matters."

She walked over to Mrs. Bingham and kissed her on the cheek. She seemed quite unconscious of her clothes.

"I'm so sorry I wasn't here to welcome you and get the tea, mother," she said. "I woke up this morning, and just knew I had to paint the view from the bedroom window straight away."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bingham. She could think of nothing else to say.

"You can both come and look at it if you like," Catherine said.

They went into the bedroom, the three of them clustering round the canvas on the easel. Looking at the picture, the first glimmer of understanding entered Mrs. Bingham's mind.

Catherine had painted the view from the bedroom window on a wet day, that was all, but she had somehow captured an extraordinary sense of happiness in her picture. There were uneven roof-tops, their grey slates shining with rain. There were clusters of chimneys, and glimpses of narrow streets, and somewhere in the distance, between tall buildings, the river could be seen.

All these things were a faithful reproduction of the view from the window, but Catherine had added something else conceived in her own imagination.

At the top of the tallest building in the foreground she had painted a window from which light poured. It was not lamplight, or firelight, or sunlight. It was a heavenly radiance, shining through the wetness and the gloom.

For a moment Mrs. Bingham felt stricken, silent, and old. Her lips trembled, and tears rolled down her cheeks. That's what I have been trying to smash, she thought.

She knew then that if she were to have any place at all in their life, she would have to enter into it wholeheartedly. She would have to belong, instead of being a critical, resentful onlooker.

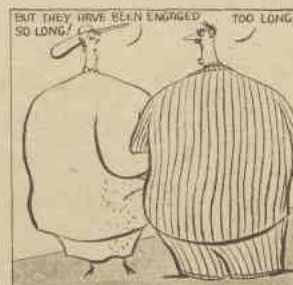
"What are you going to call it?" Bob asked at last.

"I don't know," Catherine said uncertainly. "I haven't decided yet. What would you call it, mother?"

"I?" said Mrs. Bingham slowly, and then she suddenly remembered the phrase Catherine had used. "Why, I should call it 'Private View of Heaven.'"

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS

One day I'll rise

A short story complete on this page

By ANNE EAST

I'll remember this drive to the mountains as long as I live. The biting frostiness of the night outside, the low, rhythmic burr of the engine, and the shut-in, frightening feeling of sitting beside John, who has suddenly become a hostile stranger.

We are driving away on our honeymoon. Only four hours ago we stood together at the altar, joined hands, looked at each other, and smiled.

Now we drive through the night and the lonely country, silent, and both thinking of the sudden intrusion of the past into our wedding reception.

From where I sit, John's face in profile is bleak and unmoving. It is still in the way I imagine a death mask would be still.

It all began five years ago. That was when I first came to the city, went to the University, and lived in a boarding-house. I was young, gauche, and withdrawn.

I spent regular solitary nights sweating in my room, and the usual University life of dates, quarrels, and last-minute all-night sweating flowed unceremoniously about me. I was an unsociable silly kid with ridiculous ambitions to be a research historian.

I was continually obsessed with time, I remember. So much so that I grudged even a wasted five minutes,

and deliberately shut myself off from the most casual of human contacts.

And then Janet came to live at the boarding-house. She was red-haired, capable, and vivacious. Like so many red-haired people, she had an almost ruthless gregariousness and facility for making quick friendships. So much so that she even made friends with me.

The first night she arrived I was sweating away as usual when she banged on my door, didn't wait for me to say "Come in," and launched straight into a muddled story about her luggage.

"It's gone to the wrong boarding-house," she explained breathlessly. "Peter Wright told me he'd bring it here for me, and the silly boy got mixed up and took it to some other place, and now I've got nothing to wear, and I'm going out tonight and I don't know what I'll do. This sort of thing is always happening to me."

Her laughter was strictly the catching variety, and I finished up lending her my only evening frock and cigarettes—"All my ration is with my luggage."

Later I watched her sailing out in a flurry of tulle, tuxedoed boys, and flimsy sports cars.

That was the beginning of our friendship. From then onwards Janet was a regular visitor to my room, and I was often able to help her out with her essays.

We used to sit around smoking, making cocoa, and talking about our shining future. Janet was doing arts as a prelude to journalism.

"Not the usual reporting kind, pet," she used to say; "the kind you do when you go abroad and send back exciting stories about fashion shows and suchlike."

She told me many amusing and slightly personal stories of her many boy-friends, and introduced me to the

foibles and secrets of the other students who lived at the boarding-house. Through Janet I began to lead a vicarious social life, and I began to realise what I had been missing.

Then one night she pointed to the picture of the thin-faced boy on my dressing-table.

"Is that why you never go out, pet?" she asked.

Caught out so suddenly, I felt myself blushing, looked at Janet's shrewdly laughing face, and nodded. That was how I came to tell her about Ian.

"He's over in England at the moment," I told her, "getting experience in his uncle's firm. I don't think he'll be back for another couple of years. What's he like? Well, he's older in his ways than most of the boys around here, dark, serious, and more—well, more experienced, I guess."

I rambled on, encouraged by Janet's interest. Usually it was I who listened.

"You see, he's more subtle than all of these boys," I waved my hand vaguely, and Janet nodded understandingly. I felt a glow of pride that I had been able to impress her with my activities.

FROM then on I seemed to gain a new importance in the boarding-house. Janet must have told the others about Ian, and every time my English letter came she would give me a knowing smile and ask what Ian had to say.

He became practically our chief conversational topic. Janet encouraged me to talk about him, and imperceptibly I found myself giving her a more and more complete picture.

She broke through my reticence so much that I even told her about Rupert Brooke. We were sitting round the radiator one winter's night. I remember, and I was feeling sentimentally romantic as only a kid of eighteen can.

Next I knew, I was gazing dreamily into space and quoting:

"One day I'll rise and leave my friends,

And seek you again through the world's far ends,

You whom I found so fair, Touch of your hands and smell of your hair."

"Ian used to always quote that to me," I told her. "It's from his favorite Rupert Brooke poem, and he says it's awfully like us, with him over in England and me waiting here."

Janet was most impressed at my having such an imaginative lover.

Anyway, that year rolled on, and it was through Janet that I met John, right at the end of last term. One night she burst in on me even more precipitately.

"Look, dear," she said, "I'm in the most awful strife. I've told two boys I'll go with them to the end-of-the-term dance. I thought one would be away or something, you know how it is, but they're both calling for me, and you will help me out, won't you?"

So I tagged along in an awkward triangle-breaking-up capacity, and Janet smoothed over things with a string of confused stories and shrieks of laughter.

But it was a wonderful night. John was the second boy, you see, and right from the start he didn't seem to mind that he only had a half-share in Janet.

John and I began going out after that. I was in final year, and I began seeing more and more of John and consequently less and less of Janet. It was a case of that corny-sounding miracle, love at first sight.

After University I saw Janet only rarely—she talked herself in and out of a rapid succession of jobs and boy-friends—but I lunched with her just before John and I announced our engagement.

She was silent for quite some time when I told her the news, and then rushed into a string of congratulations.

"Wonderful news, pet," she said. "John's a sweet boy, good and solid and steady, and I'm terribly pleased for you. I was scared

you might go on mooning after that silly Ian. I never did like the sound of him, you know."

I felt distinctly guilty. That was the first time I'd thought of Ian in ages.

And that brings me up to the reception. It was a quiet wedding, but we had the usual congratulatory telegrams, and the best man enjoyed himself immensely reading them out.

That is, until he read one that said, "One day I'll rise and leave my friends. Love you always darling, Ian."

It was all smoothed over, and most of the guests weren't listening, anyway. But I was, and so was John, and I'll never forget the bewildered, hurt look he gave me. It's never good to keep any secrets from the person you love.

At first, when John and I arranged the wedding, we hadn't intended to have a formal bridesmaid or best man, but after meeting Janet again we felt we ought to ask her to be bridesmaid, as she had introduced us.

She helped me change into my going-away frock, and she smiled at me. She kissed me good-bye and wished us both a happy future.

I still don't know what made her send that telegram, but I guess I'm just no good at judging people's characters. The only thing I can think of is that for some reason or other she must be jealous of John and me.

No one but Janet could have sent that telegram, you see. There never was an Ian, and there never was anyone in my life before John.

That picture on my dressing-table was my elder brother Harold, who happened to be working in England at that time.

I made the rest up. Pride, I suppose, and a childish wish to make an impression.

And once you start that kind of deceit you have to go on with it. In fact, before I met John I was half believing in my stupid fantasy.

And now, as we drive silently through the cold country, I wonder how I can tell him such an absurd and childish story, and whether he'll believe it.

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The best man was having quite a lot of fun reading out all the telegrams.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS



A large illustration of a woman in a blue dress with a white collar and cuffs, a red hat, and black gloves. She is holding a white handkerchief with a red border. The background is a light blue-grey.

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The Shades will not Vanish



ILLUSTRATED
BY DALGLEISH

*Paul lay still, gazing thoughtfully up at Joady.
"You know about me, don't you," he said quietly.*

Concluding our compelling serial By Helen M. Fowler

RAIN was beating heavily against the windscreen as Anthea drove home, and she was glad when she stopped at the porch and let herself into the warm house.

Cassie appeared, bringing a tray of coffee, but before she could set it down Anthea said: "No; wait a minute, Cassie. The children are in the billiard-room, aren't they? I think I'll go down there and have it. I'm still a little worried about them. How do they seem?"

"Well," Cassie said, following her down the stairs, "they've been playing that quiet and nice I haven't seen 'em for an hour."

At first Anthea thought they were hiding when she went into the long, still room, but there was a feeling of emptiness there which turned her surprise to a vague alarm; when she turned, Cassie's eyes were staring towards the streaming window-panes. A cry brought Anthea to her side.

"Surely they haven't gone outside, Cassie?" Anthea said sharply.

Cassie could only point wordlessly towards the paddock just up from the flat. Staring out, Anthea saw the two drenched figures of the children plodding up from the creek through the blinding rain.

"Cassie, it is—there they are! What possessed them . . . ?"

Cassie just shook her head.

"Go and turn the bath on, Cassie—and the radiator in here—and towels and blankets . . ." Anthea

was still shouting instructions over her shoulder as she ran to open the door.

Though she was angry with them, her heart melted as she watched the two struggling towards her. Libby's staggering steps and John's obvious concern for her touched her deeply.

Oh, she thought, I love them; they're mine, they're my reason for existing and everything else in my life is unimportant now, but those two little, wet, struggling figures. I'm a mother, she thought, and suddenly, for the first time, I am realising that that is what I am primarily.

In another minute she had Libby in her arms, sodden and wailing, with John squelching muddily behind them.

It was more than half an hour before she and Cassie had finished with hot water and hot towels and hot milk; then, the bathroom a muddy wreckage, they took them through to the bedroom, where Anthea tucked them both into bed.

"Now," she said, "I want to know why you did this."

"It was the man," Libby said. "We won a shilling."

Anthea looked at her, frowning. "What man, darling?" she asked, keeping alarm from her voice.

"The nice man," she said, blandly, explanatory.

"Oh, you go to sleep," John said unhappily. "I'll tell. It was a secret, Mum. Paul made us swear not to tell. You see . . ."

As she caught the drift of the

story, this "game" which was to bring the children secretly and alone down to Paul at the creek, something cold settled at the base of Anthea's throat. What could he have had in mind to suggest such a thing?

Joady's words came flashing into her mind and she remembered that Joady had been known, time and time again, to sense danger long before it was apparent to others. As she sat between the two beds, looking from one to the other as they told their story, a fury of fear came to her.

No harm was done; they were safe and warm and comfortable . . . but just suppose he had meant to injure them? No, it was too crazy—what reason would he have had?

"Queer in the head" . . . Joady's words came again, and she shuddered horribly once, and then again. She mustn't brood on it too much; it would be harmful to everybody to do that. No, just take it as a warning, use it, and profit by it.

Now I know, she thought triumphantly; now I'm sure that Howard can never have any influence on me again, and nothing which can ever hurt these two, even remotely, will ever result from any intentional act of mine.

She bent and kissed Libby. John's eyes were fixed forlornly on her, fearing her anger, as she turned. She hugged him to her, tears in her eyes.

"I want a very solemn promise from both of you," she said. "I want you never to do a thing like this without telling me. If anybody asks you to, just say: 'Yes, only I'll have to let my mother into it.' And then perhaps I'll come too, and we can all play the game. Now will you promise me that?"

Solemnly they promised, and then she sat and read to them until they grew drowsy.

When Anthea arrived back at Thornfield at three o'clock the rain had stopped. The air was cool and still, in the west the clouds were breaking and the sunset would give assurance of a fine day to-morrow.

Megan and Honor, warm and relaxed, were sitting by the fire in the living-room. Anthea sat down and spread her hands out to the warmth.

"How's things?" she asked. "Anything to be done?"

"No," Megan answered. "Joady's with Paul again and mother's resting; we're to call her at five. Paul's not properly awake yet, but Joady says he's coming along well."

"Also," Honor said, "the police have been here."

"Oh—and what did you tell them?" Anthea asked.

"We told them what had happened, exactly as we remembered it."

Megan added in a worried voice, "And we don't know whether we've done the right thing. You see, they asked me whether I knew if Martin had any grudge against Paul."

"And what did you say?"

"I took an awful risk," Megan said, "because I didn't know what Mrs. Croft had told them, but mother told us that she didn't want anything to come out about it, so I said 'No.' In fact, I laughed at them for thinking such things about a boy of thirteen. I said that it was obvious that he was highly imaginative, that he was playing some soldier game, pretending to stalk Japs, and that he would never have dreamed that the grenade was dangerous."

"She was marvellous," Honor said. "She was awfully intellectual, and she told them she was a student of child psychology. She even worked in her degree and her scholarship, and the poor coppers became quite humble. Nice, they were, too; there was a big black, solid one that was rather my style."

"She was perfectly dreadful," Megan said. "Do you know what she did, Anthea? After a while she went up and put on those new, long, blue earrings she's got, and then she came back and sat down right in

front of him and kept smiling at him. I thought he was going to faint."

Anthea laughed, then asked: "Any newshounds?"

"You bet!" Honor sat up enthusiastically. "I took care of them."

"Yes," Megan said, "I thought I could safely leave them to her. She absolutely swamped them."

"Did you tell them anything?"

"Did she!" exclaimed Megan. "She told them everything—but only about herself. She told them in minute detail about the home-work she hasn't done to-day—she even asked one of them how to do her trig exercise. She bored them stiff. They didn't get a minute to ask questions, and at last they went—jolly glad to get away."

"Well," Honor said reasonably, "one should never let even the smallest chance of publicity slip through one's fingers." Anthea chuckled. Heavens—what one could accomplish with a little intelligence! She almost pitied the police and reporters in the hands of these young things.

"What a tremendous week-end this has been," Honor said, when they had been silent for a few minutes. "I wonder if everyone feels the same as I do. As if dozens of things have happened quickly around me, which might have taken ages to work out otherwise. Do you, Anthea?"

"Yes," Anthea replied quietly, "that's exactly how I feel."

"So do I," said Megan.

"Would you be willing to tell about what's happened to you?"

"No," they said simultaneously.

"Golly, its queer," Honor said in a wondering voice. "What's done it, do you suppose?"

"It's Paul," Megan said. "He's come among our feelings like a whirlwind. He's swept the mists away from our minds, and we are seeing clearly—at least I am."

"I wonder," Honor said meditatively, "whether we've done the same thing for him. I wonder whether the mists will be cleared from his mind when he wakes."

Please turn to page 48



A complete
short story
by **PETER
CHEYNEY**

ILLUSTRATED
BY DUNLOP

"I know that you belong to
me," Robert read in amazement.

THE GIPSY WARNED ME

I JUST can't begin to tell you how bored I was. I went up to her and said: "Clairette, it's been the most lovely party. I'm terribly sorry I've got to go . . . but I've the worst sort of headache and I must lie down. I've had a lovely time. . . ."

"But not at this party?" she asked, with a smile that was definitely acid. "Of course, Mignon, darling, I'm awfully sorry you've got to go. I must say you look a little tired . . . but then you've been to see that fortune-telling woman this afternoon, haven't you? Did she depress you?"

"Not particularly," I said. I was frenzied to get to my own apartment—which is next to Clairette Glynn's—because we had a cocktail party due to start in a few minutes and I wanted to see Robert—Robert is my husband—first.

"On the contrary, she was really rather hopeful," I added. I began to move towards the door.

She said over her shoulder: "Was she? I'm so glad for you. I thought she might have said something depressing about Robert! Good-bye, darling."

I wriggled through the crowd and made my way into the hall. I wondered exactly what she had meant by that last snooty remark. I began to think about the fortune-teller.

Why women ever go to fortune-tellers, I don't know. To pass the time, I suppose. But this one had seemed very definite. She'd said that I was to meet a slim, good-looking, dark-haired man; that he was to cause trouble in my life; that I should beware of a disagreement with someone very close to me—that would be Robert.

Sebastian Glynn—Clairette's husband—was standing by the entrance door. He is head over heels in love with his wife

and lets her know it too often. He is short, plump, vague, slightly shortsighted, and depressing.

He hissed in my ear: "Mignon, I've got to talk to you for a moment before you go. Please . . . just one moment!"

He took me by the hand and dragged me into the dining-room. He said: "I'm fearfully worried about Clairette—terribly worried."

I said: "Yes, Sebastian? Is she worried, too?"

He shook his head. "A woman only worries about the future before marriage," he said grimly. "A man does the worrying afterwards. Mignon . . . believe it or not, there is another man!"

"Not another! The trouble with Clairette is that she has a head like a door-knob. Anyone can turn it." I felt slightly better after that one!

He hissed: "This time it's serious. Mignon, I've got to go back now, otherwise Clairette will miss me. For pity's sake, ring me up later when she's gone out and tell me what to do. She says she's going off with this man. He's a poet or a writer or something equally repulsive."

He pressed a folded sheet of notepaper into my hand. "This is a letter she had from him this morning. Take it away, Mignon, read it, and think about the whole thing and telephone me. Clairette says she can't bear me any longer; that she wants a divorce. I'm going mad—but mad!"

"You're not going mad," I said. "You are mad. She probably wants a new hat or something."

"I must go," he said, "or she'll suspect. Promise you'll telephone me at ten o'clock to-night."

"Oh, very well," I said, "I'll do that." I walked out of the dining-room and sneaked through the front door.

I felt rather more depressed. I didn't see why I should get mixed up with the affairs of Clairette and Sebastian and "the other man." I regretted going to her cocktail party.

I walked down the corridor and let myself into the flat. I looked across the hall and saw, through the half-open door of the drawing-room, that some guests had already arrived.

Then I heard Robert's voice talking to somebody. I heaved a sigh of relief and slipped quickly into my bedroom. I switched on the light, closed the door, and read the letter which Sebastian had thrust into my hand.

It was written on a sheet of violet notepaper, with a monogram in one corner, and the handwriting was, I thought, weak and spidery. There was no address or date, and the note read:

"My darling,
"After our last talk I know that you belong to me; that I must take you away from him. . . . To where the nodding flowers bend, we'll wend our way until the end. . . . Charming, don't you think?"

"He is not the man for you, dearest. He doesn't understand you. How could he? He is coarse, materialistic, and could never realise the subtle and innate nuances of your sweet nature. . . . Oh, doubly blessed, oh, dearly missed, oh, sweetly met, oh, dearly kissed. . . . Doesn't that describe you, my own . . . but actually . . . definitely?"

"I know that you are dining out to-night. While you are out I shall come to the flat and see him. I shall tell him that I am going to take you away. His blustering and bullying will not frighten me."

"In deepest, most solemn love,
"Your Hubert."

Leaving a love letter around is a pretty silly thing to do... it invites trouble

I felt vaguely sick, except that the idea of the unfortunate Sebastian blustering or bullying anyone was rather amusing. I threw the note on my dressing-table. Now my head was really aching rather badly.

I took off my hat, sneaked across the hall, down the long passage. I went into the bathroom and bathed my temples with eau-de-Cologne.

I stood there, in front of the mirror, putting my hair to rights and wondering how I could possibly advise the unfortunate Sebastian. Of course, the honest thing to do was to tell him to let things take their course. If any woman ever deserved Hubert—whoever he was—Clairette did!

After a while I gave it up and walked into the drawing-room. In a moment I was surrounded by all the people who wanted to talk to me, while out of the corner of my eye I was looking for Robert, who—at that moment—was the one person to whom I wanted to talk. I could not see him. I wondered what had happened to him.

Just then, Annette, my maid, passed me with a tray of cocktails. I stopped her. I asked her if she knew where my husband was.

"Mais oui, Madame," she said. "E went away joes some little time ago. 'E ces in the library weeth a gentleman."

I went on talking to people, but I felt worried about Robert. It was not like him to leave his guests and disappear in the middle of a party in order to confer with a friend.

And while I was thinking that, he came into the room. I went over to him very quickly and said: "Good evening, Robert. Are you glad to see me?" I gave him my best smile.

He said coldly, "Not particularly, Kitten. Is there any reason why I should be?"

I looked at him in amazement. Then I saw that he had hurt his right hand. There was a large piece of adhesive plaster covering a dressing on the back of his hand.

I said, "But I don't understand, Robert! And what have you done to your hand?"

He said caustically, "We'll discuss these things later, when all these people have gone. In the meantime, you might try and behave like the Comtesse d'Epernay and not like a—a—" He was so angry he could hardly speak.

He turned on his heel and went away. Directly I had an opportunity I sneaked out of the drawing-room.

On my way I told one of the maids to ask Robert to apologise for me and to say good-bye to people when they decided to go. I threw myself on the bed and wondered about Robert. Then I had a good cry. Then I began to think about Sebastian Glynn and Clairette and the ridiculous poet Hubert.

I got up and went to the dressing-table to re-read Hubert's fatuously dramatic letter. When I got there I experienced a rather nasty shock.

The letter was gone.

It was half-past eight when I went into the drawing-room. Robert was standing by the sideboard mixing himself a whisky and soda.

"Robert," I asked, "whatever is the matter? Whatever did you mean by that odd remark you made to me during the party? I don't understand."

"Not," said Robert. He grinned cynically. The devil of it is that whatever Robert does and however he looks and behaves he's always really quite adorable—if you know what I mean. It's awfully difficult to be really angry with him.

"Not," he repeated. "So you don't understand. You carry on an intrigue with a disreputable cretin in corduroy trousers and a dark brown shirt that could do with a good washing. An individual who wears terrible perfumed hair-oil and has the latest thing in not-too-clean fingernails. An..."

I boiled over. "How dare you!" I hissed. "How dare you!" I stood in the middle of the room almost speechless with rage.

"A charming scene," I said eventually. "Monsieur le Comte Robert d'Epernay—a member of one of France's oldest families—talking to his wife in a manner that is reminiscent of a not very sober Apache. Behaving..."

"Not!" said Robert. Like most Frenchmen he loves using American slang. "Don't bother to put on an act. And don't bother to deny it. I know where you met him and what has been going on. Nothing you can say will make the slightest difference."

"That's so very fair," I said icily. "But as you know so much, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me just where I did meet this man?"

"You know perfectly well you met him at the house of that charlatan to whom you go to have your fortune told."

My head was spinning. I didn't know what to say, and if I had known what to say I shouldn't have known how to begin.

"Perhaps," I managed to splutter eventually, "you'll be good enough to tell me where you managed to obtain this fearfully fatuous extract from some very cheap novelette that you've been reciting. Possibly you will tell me..."

He interrupted. "Yes, I'll tell you. I've had the information first hand. From the man himself. He has the effrontery to come to this house and to tell me in my own library that he intends to go off with my wife; that I am to be divorced; and what financial settlement do I propose to make on her! That's where I got my information. From your weird-looking conquest Hubert Pelliflow—the long and greasy-haired near-poet!"

I nearly sprang into the air. Hubert! So that was the explanation. Hubert—Clairette's new boy-friend! I took a poll at myself and refrained from laughing with great difficulty. I just stood there, and, after a moment, managed to assume the most terrible air of injured innocence ever seen.

"He told me all about it," said Robert, almost choking with anger. "And then, as if that wasn't enough, after I'd taken him by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his pants and thrown him down the stairs; after I'd done that, I went into your bedroom to find you, and discovered, on your dressing-table, that sickening epistle."

Robert began to walk up and down the room waving his arms about in a manner intended to be dramatic or poetic or both. "To where the nodding flowers bend we'll wend our way until the end... Oh, doubly blest, oh dearly missed, oh sweetly met, oh dearly kissed..."

He began to roar with laughter. And I did some quick thinking. It was really very funny.

The unfortunate Hubert had arrived for his interview with Sebastian—whom he had never met; had gone to the wrong flat—it's fearfully easy to mistake our apartment for the Glynn's, which is at the other side of the corridor; had walked straight into Robert in the hall, mistaken him for Sebastian; said his little piece and was then thrown out on his ear for his pains.

Robert had then gone tearing about the flat and had found Hubert's letter to Clairette—which had no name on it; and was, by this time, convinced of the worst.

A lovely situation—for me! I wondered just what my delightful Robert would do when he learned the truth. This, I thought, is where I must teach the Comte Robert d'Epernay a lesson.

I said, in a small and very hurt voice: "Robert... would you care to listen to me for a moment?"

"No," he said, glaring at me. "No... I wouldn't... No... 'Oh sweetly met... Oh dearly kissed...'" No, I don't want to listen. I've heard quite enough for one evening.

"You haven't heard half as much as you're going to hear," I retorted. "Do you think you can talk to me as you have this evening, Robert? I can't understand it."

"Oh, can't you?" said Robert. "There are a lot of things you can't understand. And there are one or two things that you will have to understand."

"Such as?" I queried in what I intended to be an extremely dignified voice.

Robert's attitude changed. He put down the cocktail glass, which he had been holding in his right hand, on the sideboard. He shrugged his shoulders. He said in an odd sort of voice: "Listen, you might as well know that I'm not too upset about this business of yours with this Hubert Pelliflow for one reason."

I raised my eyebrows, but I felt very scared. "Really! What reason?" I asked.

Robert said: "Well, I might as well admit it... so far as I'm concerned there's someone else, too."

I felt as if some icy fingers had gripped my heart. I don't think I'd ever realised until that moment just how

much I loved Robert. I said airily: "This is most interesting. Perhaps you'd like to tell me about it."

I felt terribly miserable.

He said: "Well, you'll have to know about it sooner or later, I suppose."

I asked: "Who is she... and what is she like? I expect she's terribly attractive—very nice? I expect she has all the virtues—all the charm—that I haven't."

He lit a cigarette. He said: "Actually, she is very charming—a most delightful person. And I'm very, very fond of her." There was a pause; then he went on: "I don't think I've ever thought about any woman so much in my life as I have about her."

"I see," I said tersely. This last part of Robert's speech I thought sounded very definite and final. I said to myself, Mignon, my girl... it looks as if you've had it!

I asked: "Who is she?"

He hesitated for a moment; then he said: "Her name is Dulac—M^{lle} Angele Dulac."

"Angele..." I repeated. Some angel! "And may I ask for how long this has been going on?"

"I couldn't tell you exactly," he said airily. "But I should imagine just about as long as this business of yours with this Hubert person has been in existence. By the way, if you have to have affairs with people, why don't you pick somebody who washes sometimes?"

I almost flew at him. But I restrained myself. I said: "If you don't mind we won't discuss Hubert for the moment. So you're in love? So you can't go on without Mademoiselle Angele Dulac? You think about her more than you've ever thought about any other woman?"

He drew on his cigarette. "What are you getting excited about? You can't accuse me of letting you down. You've let me down."

I said: "Well, where do we go from here? It's not a very good situation, is it?"

Please turn to page 42



Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 15.

September 12, 1951

PEOPLE MUST BE HOUSED

A ROOF over the head does not seem much to ask in the twentieth century. But to-day, for thousands of people, it is as remote as a castle in Spain.

The Commonwealth Government's policy of restricting credit for home building and buying means that the average young couple to-day cannot buy a home.

Banks have tightened up. Building societies are not allowed to pay the higher interest rate which their customary sources of finance now demand. Their activities are consequently approaching a standstill.

The Government's view obviously is that housing cannot go ahead at the same time as a rearmament programme. Restricting credit, though it may not sound quite so unpleasant, has the same effect as directing manpower and materials.

The policy is an earnest attempt at solving the twin problems of inflation and defence. From a broad national viewpoint it is probably necessary.

To take the broad national view is not so difficult for those who own their own homes or are paying them off with credit obtained in easier times. But it is hard indeed for those who, anxious to attain security, see no chance of ever amassing the cash needed to-day.

Defence measures are essential, but it is also important to have a stable society to defend. A society full of the frustrations and discontents which come from inadequate housing is only too likely to lack stability.

Men, asked to fight for freedom, often think of their service as defending their homes.

What becomes of their fighting spirit when they have no homes to defend?

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSIE BAKER

IN recent years the steady stream of historical novels from publishing houses has swollen to a flood tide of only slightly less volume than the detective-story output.

From this sea of words something a little better than the rest sometimes floats to the surface.

"Mist Over Pendle" is Robert Neill's first novel, and his publishers have probably picked him out as one of the boys most likely to succeed.

The book is set in rural Lancashire in the reign of James the First.

Mr. Neill has studied his place and period very well.

Unfortunately, the background he has chosen lacks the flavor of high romance that most readers of historical novels require.

The writer's prose is polished, but he writes too much on one note. True, it is a very round, full note, but more crescendo and diminuendo would be welcome.

Margery Whitaker is the orphaned daughter of a Puritan divine who, at the age of 16, is sent to live with her cousin, Roger Nowell, in Lancashire.

To Margery's relief, Roger, a middle-aged widower, is no Puritan and allows her to indulge her craving for clothes.

Soon after her arrival she learns that several children in the district have died strangely in recent years.

Although the district's coven of witches—as horrible a brood as ever drank a pint of bats' blood or stirred a cauldron—is suspect, no evidence against them can be found until Margery begins work.

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OUR COVER

AMERICAN milliner Sally Victor, who has made the bonnet her trade-mark, designed the mother-and-daughter models shown on the cover. We tell you how to order patterns of the bonnets on page 27 of our hat supplement. Details of materials on page 32. With an authoritative look of good style for spring, the bonnets are youthful in line, a quality for which Victor is also famous.

This week:

● If you're one of those rare women who don't care about hats (pages 23 to 33) you may prefer the color spread about glamor boxers Sugar Ray Robinson and Randolph Turpin on pages 20 and 21. Their return fight for the middleweight world championship is scheduled for September 12 at the Polo Grounds, New York.

● That authentic ring about the wedding reception setting for Anne East's short story on page nine isn't surprising. She is a former Melbourne social editor who attended hundreds of wedding receptions on the job, and says that she was often impressed by the possibility of misunderstandings which could occur if a practical joker sent a telegram to a wedding breakfast. Hence the story.

Next week:

● David Niven needs no introduction as a film star. His fans, however, might fail to recognise him in one of his latest roles—author of our new serial, "Round the Rugged Rocks," which begins next week. "Round the Rugged Rocks" is a gay, light-hearted story of a young Englishman, who, after demobilisation, finds himself completely untrained for anything but war. His endeavors to establish himself in a civilian job take him through a series of hectic and hilarious adventures. It's a serial you are sure to enjoy.

● Watch for the announcement of our new £5000 contest. It's one that will provide entertainment for all the family. You'll need only pen or typewriter and paper, and ideas. Young or old will have equal opportunity of winning prizes.

it's Spring—there's love in the air—time for

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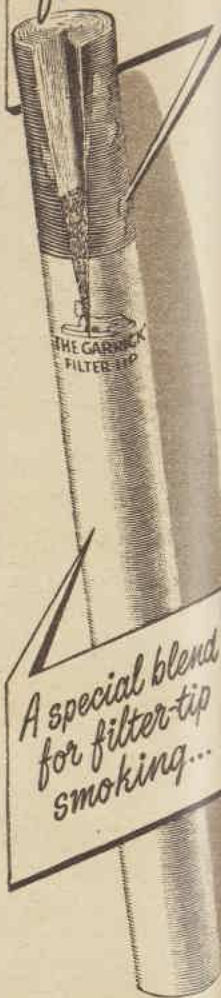
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Hospitals struggle to survive



AFTER attending to difficult birth she dry sterilises linen. Matron often finds she has to cook, clean drains, and mend fuses. She recently fixed a large bell-board, and then painted all hospital trays.



TENSE moment in the theatre. Matron has few chances to relax. Loyal skeleton staff help her to keep her hospital open, despite rising costs and staff shortages.



EARLY summons to labor ward often starts the day for Matron Joan Gardner at St. Monan's Maternity Hospital, near Sydney.



VEGETABLE BUYING from Chinese gardens is a weekly chore for Matron Gardner and Sister Muriel Findlay, who has been with her for two years. Her milk bill last month was £18 dearer than in January, and her gas bill has doubled.

Prospective mothers depend on them for needed beds

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

Shortage of maternity beds is an urgent hospital problem in Australia. In the past, private maternity hospitals provided a large portion of needed beds, but increased wages, staff shortages, and rising costs have forced many, in some States, to close down.

MOST doctors do not like to see the passing of the adequately equipped and carefully run small private maternity hospital.

To maintain the necessary high standard of efficiency, the matron of such a hospital has a full-time job.

Photographer Ernie McQuillan took his camera to St. Monan's Maternity Hospital in the Sydney harborside suburb of Cremorne, and resulting pictures showed that Matron Joan Gardner has to be a Jack-of-all-trades as well as a highly skilled member of her profession.

Matron Gardner is part-owner of the hospital. Her partner, Matron Hilda Vischer, is at present abroad. St. Monan's has 24 beds, and the highest number of births for any month this year was 62 in June.

MATRON chats with convalescents in grounds of St. Monan's. She loves her job and takes a personal interest in each confinement.

She said she has always found September the busiest month for births.

Matron Gardner said she is not running her hospital at a loss, but only because of the hard work of herself and several nurses who have given her loyal service.

She said there is not as much profit in a private maternity hospital as there is in one which takes only general and surgical cases.

"A maternity hospital really has two patients to each bed, because baby takes as much looking after as mother, and that means more staff than other hospitals need," she said.

"I calculate that my nursery staff costs about £40 a week, but we are allowed to charge only 3/- a day for each baby."

Matron Gardner thinks there should be a maternity hospital in each suburb or country district.

"They should be available like schools," she said.



HEALTHY young recent arrival with the woman who helped bring him into the world. Matron Gardner, who rigidly supervises the running of her hospital, frequently interviews up to six prospective mothers a day, and often has a 15-hour day. She is always on call, even on day off.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 12, 1951

Page 17



Plain Sailing

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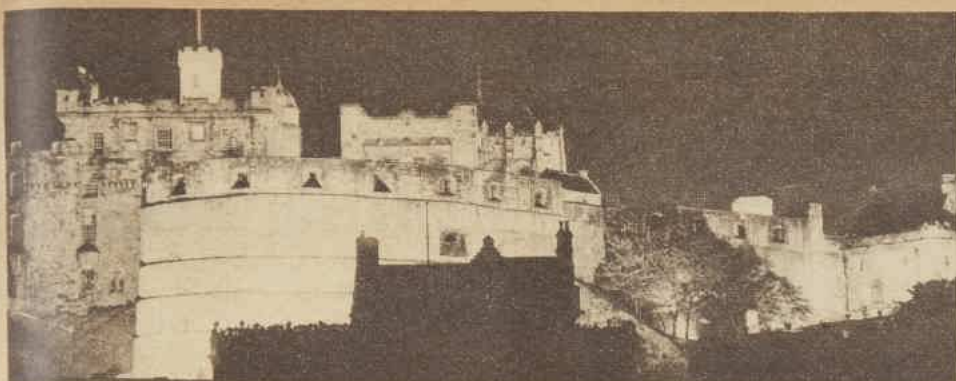
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EDINBURGH CASTLE, floodlit for the Festival, towers above the outline of the historic Scottish capital. This year's Edinburgh Festival, which is the fifth, was as great a success as those of previous years, both in the numbers of overseas and British visitors who attended and the quality and variety of the musical and dramatic presentations.

Australian's starring role at Edinburgh

From ANNE MATHESON, in Edinburgh

Scotland has honored Australian stage and film star John McCallum by giving him the role of King Robert the Bruce in a historical play specially written for the fifth Edinburgh Festival.

"THE King of the Scots" is played in the perfect setting of Dunfermline Abbey, where the tomb of Robert the Bruce and the shrine of Queen Margaret, the patron saint of Scotland, are reminders of Scotland's illustrious past.

John McCallum, now wearing a wig of rich auburn hair and a red beard, has acquired a soft Scottish accent.

"I would not have been given the part of Robert the Bruce if I hadn't had Scottish ancestry," John told me.

His grandfather came from Tighnabruigh, in the Highlands.

"I thought my accent would be too English, but the producer pointed out that Bruce was a Norman," he explained.

"The feeling that I'm playing the part of the Bruce while he's buried under the arches of the pulpit is very eerie."

"I often wonder if he's turning in his grave at the sound of me."

Robert Kemp, a leading

Scottish playwright, was commissioned by the Carnegie-Dunfermline Trust to write this play around Robert the Bruce.

It is historically accurate, rich in drama, and there is a lyrical quality about the verse.

Dunfermline Abbey was rebuilt in 1818 on the site of the ancient abbey.

It has a distinctive square tower and high battlements designed to form in huge stone letters the words "King Robert the Bruce."

Workmen preparing the site for the new church discovered

FEAST OF MUSIC

Bruce's grave in a forgotten vault.

Since the emphasis of this Festival play is on historical accuracy, the Stone of Scone naturally plays an important part, and a replica of the original Stone, which was stolen from Westminster last Christmas, is trundled on and off the deep stage, which juts out from the Norman arches.

Edinburgh University students support the 50 well-

known actors in "The King of the Scots."

This year's Festival started on August 19 and finishes on September 8.

Other plays being presented range from Kyd's "The Spanish Tragedy" to frankly left-wing writing such as "Uranium 235."

Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" is acted in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood House by permission of the King.

One of the most popular attractions at the Festival is film star Margaret Lockwood, who is playing Eliza Doolittle in Shaw's "Pygmalion."

Miss Lockwood was given the part after her successful appearance in the same role in a televised performance.

At a cost of £50,000 the Festival Society's great artistic scoop is the appearance of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, which is in Europe for



AUSTRALIAN ACTOR John McCallum plays Robert the Bruce in a Festival play, "The King of the Scots."

the first time in 21 years.

The performances are being conducted by Bruno Walter and Dimitri Mitropoulos.

Audiences pack into Usher Hall nightly and enthusiastic applause is the answer to commercially minded critics who questioned the justification of spending so much money on one attraction.

Another success at the Festival is the revival of "The Three Estates," adapted by Robert Kemp from a 400-year-old satire by Sir David Lindsay.

It is beautifully set on an apron stage in the Assembly Hall, players entering from the sides and running through the aisles between the seated audience.

This morality play has been so admired by French actors from the Theatre de l'Atelier of Paris, who are putting on a series of three French plays in the last week of the Festival, that they are considering taking it to Paris.

The late Constant Lambert's ballet "Tiresias" had its opening with ballerina Margot Fonteyn.

A replica of the Book of Kells (the original is in Trinity College, Dublin) shows the triumph of Celtic art to those who turn from music to the many exhibitions at present open in Edinburgh.

Australians are everywhere in the city.

Not all the visitors are here for a feast of music and the arts.

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SCOTTISH morality play "The Three Estates" is performed on an apron stage.

Kings of the ring fight for title

U.S. glamor boy v. battling Briton

By HELEN FRIZELL in London



FIGHT fans all over the world eagerly await the result of the Randolph Turpin - Sugar Ray Robinson return middleweight world championship fight which is to be held in New York shortly.

Not only the title will be at stake, but also the prize-money, estimated at £40,000, which will go either to the colored American or to the colored British fighter.

Sugar Ray Robinson, ex-middleweight champion of the world since his defeat in London in July by Randolph Turpin, is 31 years of age.

Although no longer world champion, he is still regarded by fans as king of glamor.

While training at Windsor, England, Sugar Ray had with him his pretty wife, ex-night-club chorine Edna Mae, and a retinue which ranged from a midget (for the laughs), a personal golf pro, and a private barber.

Before he fights Turpin again Sugar's days will probably follow the same pattern as at Windsor.

He shadow boxes and spars to jivey trumpet music provided by his personal musician; is rubbed down with perfumed methylated spirit, has his fuzzy hair de-kinked

with special lotion. He also enjoys a manicure.

There are always plates of fruit and boxes of chocolates and sweets around for Sugar Ray to eat.

Sugar didn't get his name, however, from his sweet tooth.

A sportswriter once said to his manager while watching the colored boxer as a lanky kid: "That's a sweet fighter you've got there!"

"Sweet as sugar," was the prompt reply, and so a name was born.

In spare moments Sugar likes playing golf with the professional golfer who travels with him.

He has three cars, but usually prefers driving his custom-built fuchsia-colored 20-foot long Cadillac.

During his visit to France recently, whenever Sugar Ray's fuchsia Cadillac headed up the Champs Elysees, grinning granddames waved ordinary traffic to a stop.

Frankly revelling in all the acclaim, Sugar Ray was too good a business man to let the publicity go to his head. Instead, he turned it into more business for himself.

An astute business man, he owns a brewery, restaurant, barber shops, laundry, lingerie shop, which ensure that he, Edna Mae, and 18-months-old Sugar Ray II will never be on the bread-line.

STAUNCH SUPPORTER. Edna Mae Robinson watches her world-famous boxing husband, Sugar Ray Robinson, shadow boxing during a work-out in the ring before his return match with Turpin.

(D)

FUCHSIA CADILLAC. Sugar Ray Robinson's custom-built fuchsia Cadillac draws attention everywhere the colored boxer goes. The Cadillac is drawn up outside his restaurant and business premises.



IN ITALY. The former world champion Sugar Ray Robinson relaxes in Milan after his defeat by English boxer Randolph Turpin. There Sugar Ray acted as referee in a match between his partner, Bang-Bang Womber, and Italian boxer Michele Kid Palermo.



Excitement high as big bout looms

Fond of night-clubbing, Sugar goes dancing in one of his £70 suits accompanied by Edna Mae in one of her Jacques Fath gowns, a mink stole, and diamonds.

Equally dazzling in the ring, Sugar goes all out for effect.

He made his appearance in London in a striped silk gown, with attendants in blue-and-white cardigans, lettered with the famous name, "Sugar Ray."

Even if Turpin manages to beat Robinson in the return match, the wide, gold-toothed smile will not be wiped from Sugar's face. He will still be able to maintain his lavish style of living.

Although all America will probably bet on Sugar Ray, people in Leamington Spa, England, will be betting on local boy Randy to win.

Ten years ago 23-year-old Randolph Turpin belonged to the Leamington Boys' Club, run by the district police.

In boxing contests the slightly built colored boy drew attention to himself. Between the ages of 14 and 18 he won five national amateur titles and boxed twice for England.

In contrast with Sugar Ray's extravagant style of life, Turpin lives modestly.

Less than three years ago Turpin was earning £5 a week.

Randy's father, a volunteer from British Guiana, died from the after-effects of being gassed in World War I.

Turpin's family

MRS. TURPIN brought up her three sons and two daughters on the 27/- pension she received from the Government.

So that the Turpins could eat she went out to work scrubbing floors from six in the morning until late at night.

To-day, with spectacular successes at the tips of Randolph's gloves, the Turpins' struggles against poverty are over.

Turpin's share of the gate in his challenge match with Sugar Ray Robinson was £10,000.

The one cloud over their lives is the fact that their white mother, whom they all adore, is going blind.

Randy, Dick, and Jackie have done their best to help their mother recover, and would give every penny they have to see her well again.

All three Turpin boys served in the last war, Randy being a cook in the Royal Navy. After the war both Randy and his brother Dick went on with their fighting. Dick was beaten by Dave Sands in 1948.

Randy Turpin was married at 19, but he and his wife, Theresa, have separated. They have one son, Randolph, now aged three and a half.

In the weeks before the challenge match Turpin rose at six and was always in bed by 10.15 p.m. Training filled the day, and only after training hours could Randy relax with a bundle of boys' comics and cowboy Westerns.

Turpin lived at Gwrych Castle, Abergelge, Wales, while training.

At the castle he was surrounded by his retinue of eight,

who left with him on the Queen Mary for New York on August 15.

They are his manager, George Middleton, brothers Dick and Jackie Turpin, trainer Bill Hyam, promoter Jack Solomon, a second, Mick Gavin, and two sparring partners, Ted Morgan and Eddie Phillips.

Turpin's preparation for the championship fight with Sugar Ray Robinson was quite relaxed. He used to doze off under massage and say that someone had to beat Sugar some time.

Gwrych Castle, where Turpin trained, is owned by Mr. Leslie Salts, a Liverpool business man, whose main interest is boxing.

He bought the castle in 1948 and spent £180,000 reconditioning it.

The castle was formerly owned by hero of Lady Smith Lord Dundonald, but is now the home of Mr. Salts, his wife, and two children.

Although a mere 120 years old, it is said to have a ghost—a knight who tramps the battlements. More recently it has been haunted by Turpin admirers, who flocked there when the champion was training.

Famous boxing relics of the past kept in the castle's gallery include Jack Dempsey's dressing-gown and Jem Mace's belt.

Mr. Salts' aim is to make the castle a training centre for British boxing. Bruce Woodcock also trained there.

During the tense days before the return bout both Robinson and Turpin are spending hours watching films of their last fight.

Sugar Ray's barber, who in the past has spent hours touching up Robinson's good looks with facials, is now working overtime on the 14-stitch gash which Turpin made on the "Sepia Slayer," as the headlines term the American negro.



AT Gwrych Castle, Randolph Turpin in the formal drawing-room. He trained for his fight with Robinson at the castle, where every facility is available.

② SIGHTSEEING. Sugar Ray (left) takes in the sights of the city when he visits Milan.

③ OLIVEN the Owl with Randolph Turpin. Oliver flew away before the fight, but returned in time to bring victory to Turpin.





COUNTRY INTEREST. Bryan Brennan, "Eurobin," Tumult, with his bride, formerly Brenda Lambie, of Woollahra, and attendants Wilda Lambie and David Brennan.



ENTHUSIASTIC DANCERS. Joy Devine and Tom Datson (left) and Neroli Corrigan and Bob Upjohn were among young people who enjoyed the dancing at the Jungle Ball in the A.C.I. Ballroom. Proceeds of the ball will go to Wybalena Hostel and St. John Ambulance Brigade.



CONDUCTOR WELCOMED. Englishman Edward Renton, conductor of Benjamin Britten's "Let's Make an Opera," with Jacqueline Hick (left) and producer Joanne Priest at party given by the Arts Council.

Social Gossip

HAND-EMBROIDERED sleeves, a feature of the Filipino national dress, have been specially flown from Manila to be added to the white slipper satin gown to be worn by Elfrida Regala at her wedding on Saturday, September 15.

Elfrida is the second daughter of the Minister for the Philippines, Dr. Roberto Regala, and M-dame Regala. She will marry Felix Maramba, son of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Maramba, of Manila, at the Wesley Chapel. Wearing frocks in three shades of blue, all featuring the embroidered Filipino sleeves, matron of honor Mrs. Dibucio Baba, wife of the Philippines Consul, and bridesmaids Lina Aghayani and Betty Regala will attend Elfrida. Five-year-old Pamela Inglis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bill Inglis, of Chatswood, will be a flower-girl. Pamela's small brother, Michael, dressed in white satin Filipino shirt and black satin trousers, will be the ring-bearer.

WHITE be-ribboned wedding bells and colored lights will decorate the front garden of the Regala's Darling Point home for the reception, and bells of white flowers will be arranged in the vestibule and ballroom.

Although the wedding is at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the reception will not be held until 8.30 p.m. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Tasmania before making their home in Manila.



BRIDAL GROUP. Barry Jackson, of Yalgogrin North, with his bride, formerly Moira Gilroy, and bridesmaid Nola Gilroy, after their wedding at St. Mary's Cathedral. Moira, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. E. J. Gilroy, of Bexley, and the late Mrs. Gilroy, was married by her uncle, Cardinal Gilroy.

EMERALD and diamond ring is being worn by Barbara Vivers, whose engagement to "Tiggy" Moses has just been announced. Barbara, who is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Vivers, of Glen Limes, has returned home after a short stay in Sydney with "Tiggy's" parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Moses. Engagement celebrations have been postponed until just before the spring race meeting, when Barbara and her parents will come down to Sydney.

CHANGE from busy city life for Mrs. Will Stuart, who has taken her two sons, six-year-old Alexander and three-year-old Ian, to spend Alexander's school holidays on her brother's farm at Windsor.

MUCH discussion about a wedding date for May Bettington and Ray Bowman now that May has returned from six months' trip abroad. "We haven't decided yet," May told me, "but I think it will be late October or early November." So far Muswellbrook has priority as the place for the wedding. According to Ray, there are so many Bettingtons and Bowmans that he doesn't think enough transport could be found to get them to Sydney for a wedding. Couple will make their home at the Bowman homestead, "Balmoral," Muswellbrook. May is daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bettington, Coolie, Merriwa, and Ray is son of Mrs. Bowman, of Muswellbrook, and of the late Mr. W. P. Bowman.

HER birthday, October 12, has been chosen by attractive Melbourne lass Elaine Barr for her wedding to Sydney commercial pilot John Poate at St. John's, Toorak. It is also the day after John's birthday. Elaine, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. White Barr, Toorak, is wearing a lovely sapphire ring encircled with diamonds. John is the son of Dr. Hugh Poate, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Mrs. Poate. John is hoping to get down to Melbourne soon to help Elaine with final arrangements for the wedding. Further excitement for John is that he has just become an uncle again. His brother Bob and wife, Janet, have just had another son.

Anne



PAKISTAN BALL. Mr. Yusuf Haroon, the High Commissioner for Pakistan, and the Begum Haroon (left) with two of their guests, Lady Braddon and Mrs. W. J. Smith (right), at the charity ball they gave at their Woollahra home for the Southern Cross Comforts Fund for Pakistan and the Naughty 'Nineties Ball Committee.



ON ORION. Goulburn dentist Phillip Pins and his wife (left) are farewelled by Phillip's brother, Des, and Joan Sendall, of Goulburn, before sailing on the Orion for England for 15 months. Phillip will do a post-graduate course in dentistry while in London.



ATTRACTIVE FOURSOME. From left: Guy Harris, Robin McDonald, Roger Coleman, and Nanette Partridge photographed dining at Prince's. Robin wore a white ballerina frock with broderie anglaise bodice and bouffant organza skirt. Nanette's frock was pale blue patterned organza.

HATS to make

• Here is a supplement of hats timed to coincide with spring fashion planning. It includes styles by such famous millinery names as Lilly Dache and Sally Victor. The hats are designed for you to make, and being your own milliner will help out the budget. The supplement gives instructions for the flower, toque and pillbox shown on page 29. Patterns can be bought for the other hats. Each pattern includes detailed instructions from the first stitch to the last. To obtain patterns, see panel on page 27.



6589.—The smart white pique pillbox, at left, is easy sewing for the beginner. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. pique, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. leno, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. $\frac{3}{4}$ in. matching grosgrain ribbon for the headband, plus ten pique-covered ball-type buttons. Pattern price, 1/6.

6588.—Grosgrain hat, above, to make in contrast colors—white for the crown, and your favorite spring color for the brim. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. grosgrain for crown, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. for brim, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 1 in. grosgrain ribbon for the headband. Pattern price, 1/6.

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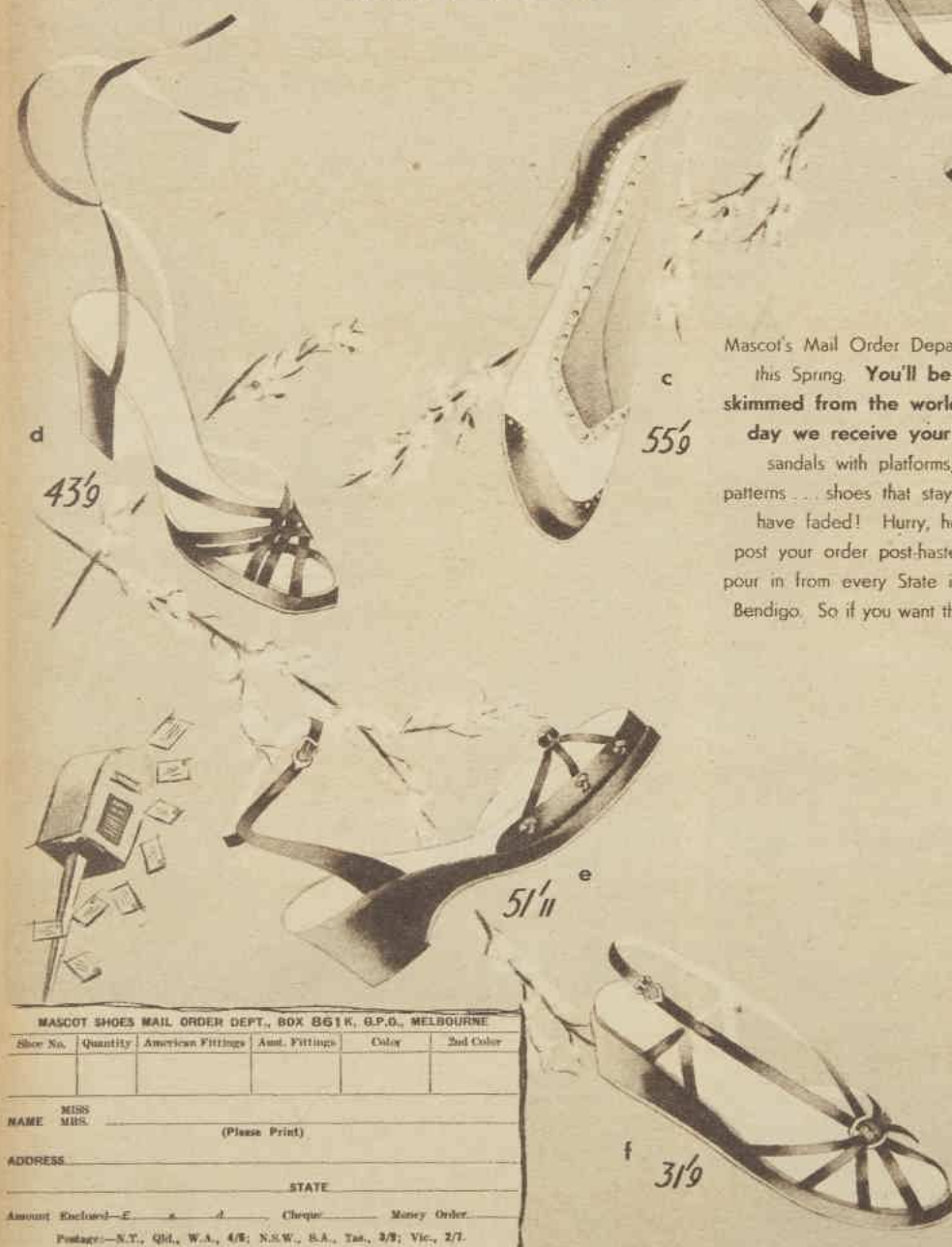
Spring dresses!

Mascot's Mail Order Department is all set to give you unequalled service this Spring. **You'll be wearing the newest styles our buyers have skimmed from the world's fashion centres, 10 days from the day we receive your order!** Choose from a variety of Spectators ... sandals with platforms, and slender straps brilliantly arranged in pretty patterns ... shoes that stay fresh long after the prettiest spring blossoms have faded! Hurry, hurry, quick! Hasten to the nearest mail-box and post your order post-haste. The orders for Mascot shoes will probably pour in from every State in Australia ... from girls in Broome and women in Bendigo. So if you want the loveliest shoes at budget prices ... shake a leg!

- (a) White Buck with Junior Navy or London Tan Calf, 54/9; Junior Navy, London Tan or Black Gabardine trimmed with matching Calf, 55/9. 2½" heel, ½" platform. Sizes and half sizes, 2-7.
- (b) White buck trimmed with London Tan or Junior Navy Calf, 72/6; White Buck, 71/3; Black Suede, 72/3; Junior Navy Suede, 79/11; Grey Snake, 95/3. ¾" platform, 2½" heel. American fittings, A.A.C. 4-9.
- (c) White Buck with Junior Navy or London Tan Calf, 55/9; London Tan or Junior Navy Calf, 53/11. 2" or 2½" heels. Sizes and half sizes, 2-7.
- (d) Black Suede, 43/9; Black Patent, 45/11; Cherry Red Calf, Beige or White Nappa, 46/9. American fittings, A.C. 4-9½.
- (e) Black, Junior Navy Suede, or London Tan Calf, 51/11; White Buck or Beige Calf, 52/11. 2" wedge, ½" platform, sizes and half sizes, 2-7.
- (f) Black Suede or London Tan Calf, 31/9; Silver Kid, 54/11; Gold Kid, 68/11. American fittings, 4-9.

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MILLINERY

GLAMOR

● White, the signature of spring and summer, has been chosen for the four pretty and wearable models below. To obtain patterns, see panel on page 27.



6630.—Easy making for the novice is the grosgrain hat, above left, becomingly curved to frame the face. The hat is essentially for casual wear. Requires 1yd. 18in. grosgrain, 2½yds. 36in. stiff leno. Price, 1/6.



6629.—Lilly Dache designed the picture hat, above. It is a project for the girl who has made hats before. It requires 1yd. 36in. white pique, ½yd. 36in. soft leno for the crown, and ½yd. 36in. stiff leno for the brim. Price, 1/6.



6627.—Lace cap, above, is for the clever amateur. Requires ½yd. 36in. coarse cotton lace, ½yd. 36in. cotton net, and 1yd. white millinery wire. Price, 1/6.



6631.—Crisp white pique model, at right, is the perfect accent for dark clothes. Requires ½yd. 36in. pique, ½yd. 36in. stiff leno, and 1 bicycle clip. Price 1/6.

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Goes on without water! . . . and stays!

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Angel Face has its own downy-soft puffet. 5 angel-sweet shades. At better beauty counters everywhere.

HAT-MAKING MADE EASY

Step-by-step guide for the beginner

The problem of getting a new hat without wrecking the family budget is easily solved if you make your own.

Thousands of women have already discovered that making their own hats is not as difficult as they once thought.

ANY woman who is reasonably patient and careful can achieve excellent results with very little effort. Armed with a pattern and the requisite materials, all she has to do is to follow the instructions on the pattern.

A beginner who tries to skip a tricky operation or who tries to apply ideas of her own before she has mastered basic steps is unwise.

As a general rule it is better to assume that you haven't a flair for millinery until you prove that you have.

Here are some helpful hints for beginners.

- Different hats require different foundations. The pattern you use will state what kind is required. These foundations range from the very thick willow sparterie, sparterie and buckram, to lighter-weight lenos, which are flexible and much softer. Book muslin is sometimes used instead of thin leno. Canvas is also a substitute. But don't use unbleached calico in hats. It is far too heavy and soft.

- The method of joining crown pieces varies with the type of crown to be made. They may be machined or handstitched.

- Apart from the seams, which can generally be done by machine, all finishing sewing should be done by hand, and all stitches on the outside of the hat should be invisible. Of course, in the case of a hat with stitched brim and crown, the lines of stitching must be done by machine.

- A tailored finish can be given to the crown seams of a material sectional crown hat by machine-stitching along both sides of each seam join. Keep your stitching close to the join and don't forget to use a longer stitch to prevent straining or puckering along the curved surface.

- If you are making a hat from a material with a pile, like velvet, the pile must run the same way throughout. For a rich finish to your velvet hat, run the pile from back to front. This is the most usual finish. For a shiny finish, run the pile from front to back.

- Use pins lavishly wherever the material needs to be held firmly or stretched before it is sewn. Don't stick the pins too far into the material. This will damage it and will leave ugly marks on some materials, especially when of a light shade. Just stick the pins lightly once into the material at an angle which will not

interfere with your work—i.e., away from the part of the hat you are working on.

- Use a warm iron to press seams flat, to smooth bubbles or creases in material. Slick the material surface with your fingers to prepare the way for the iron.

- If making a sectional crown, the method is to press the crown seams by turning the crown inside out and placing over a firm base in the shape of your head. If you have a hat block, use that, but you can make a substitute block quite simply.

To make a substitute block

START with a basin or bowl approximately the size of your head. Turn it upside down and pad it to the required shape with layers of cotton wool. Tack the layers in place and wind thread round the base to hold the padding firmly on the basin.

Then steam the crown of an old but clean felt hat until it is quite wet and place it over the padded basin. Tie tape round the base of the block cover to keep it in place.

When it is quite dry, your improvised block will be ready for use.

If, however, you have nothing suitable to serve as a base for pressing the crown, make a stuffed pad of cloth measuring about 6in. by 3in. Hold this under the seam you are pressing and you will find it serves quite well.

Pads of this type are useful in all stages of home millinery for pressing out creases or puckers in the crown or brim of a hat.

When you have pressed the seams flat on the inside of the crown, turn it right side out and, if necessary, give a light steam on this side.

Hat lining

A NEAT lining will cover untidy seams and give a professional touch to your handiwork. The method of lining is once again determined by the type of hat being made.

Final trimmings to a hat are very important. A perfectly



6626.—Pique beret takes ½ yd. 36in. pique, ½ yd. 36in. leno, 5/8th yd. ½ in. white grosgrain ribbon, and a jewelled button. Pattern price, 1/6. To order, see panel below.

made hat can be completely spoiled by untidy, unsuitable, or too-lavish trimming.

Remember that it is easier to put the finishing touches to a hat if the crown is supported on a firm base such as a block or a basin.

To renovate a straw

RENOVATING a straw hat which has seen better days is one of those jobs which most women prefer to avoid. Actually it is quite a simple operation. Cleaned, re-stiffened, and re-trimmed, that old hat can be a successful addition to your wardrobe.

First of all, take off all trimmings and remove dust on surface and from cracks with a nailbrush. If it is a soiled white or natural straw, make a mixture of oxalic acid (enough to cover sixpence) in a cupful of lukewarm water.

Oxalic acid is a poison, and it is wise to use a long-handled brush—a tooth-brush is quite suitable—to apply the mixture.

Brush the liquid on to the crown with an even, circular motion, starting either at the brim edge and working to the top of the crown, or vice versa. Rinse off under the cold-water tap.

If a block is not available, stuff the crown tightly with tissue-paper to keep its shape and leave to dry.

When the hat is quite dry, apply the stiffening. You can buy straw stiffening from any store which deals in millinery supplies. Apply it evenly with

a small brush with the same circular motion as before. This is very important, otherwise a patchy effect will result. Again leave until quite dry. Then remove the paper stuffing and re-trim.

Perhaps your felt hats could do with a clean-up before you put them away for the summer. Again remove all trimmings and stuff the crown tightly with tissue-paper.

Bring a kettle to the boil, having the water level well below the spout, and lightly steam the surface of the hat, brushing at the same time with a soft nailbrush. Then leave to dry, still stuffed with the paper so that the crown will keep its shape.

You can re-stiffen your felt hat, too, with a special felt stiffening. Apply it in the same way as for the straw hat, but be very careful not to use straw stiffening on a felt hat. It will ruin it.

It is a good idea to keep a separate brush for each type of stiffening.

When the hat is quite dry, replace or renew the trimmings.

Old feathers should be steamed, re-curved with a curling-knife, and re-tinted if necessary. Flowers should be steamed and reshaped, and ribbons cleaned and pressed.

Most material hats can be easily cleaned with one of the cleaning fluids on the market. The instructions given with the cleaner should be followed carefully. In all cases, it is better to keep the crown in shape by stuffing it.

Velvet treatment

A VELVET hat, however, needs special treatment. Brush off all surface dust with another piece of velvet, keeping pile against pile. If it needs extra cleaning after this is can be lightly steamed, but the steam must not be too wet.

If you follow the rule of keeping the water-level in the kettle well below the spout, drops of water will not spoil the fabric.

Don't touch the wet velvet with your fingers, or ugly marks will result.



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so speedy for dishes**



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To order hat patterns

PATTERNS may be obtained for the models shown in this special millinery supplement from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Ultimo House, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. (Postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.)

Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

Every pattern includes an easy-to-follow instruction chart.

When ordering, please quote pattern number. Each pattern is 1/6. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Seven designs for Spring

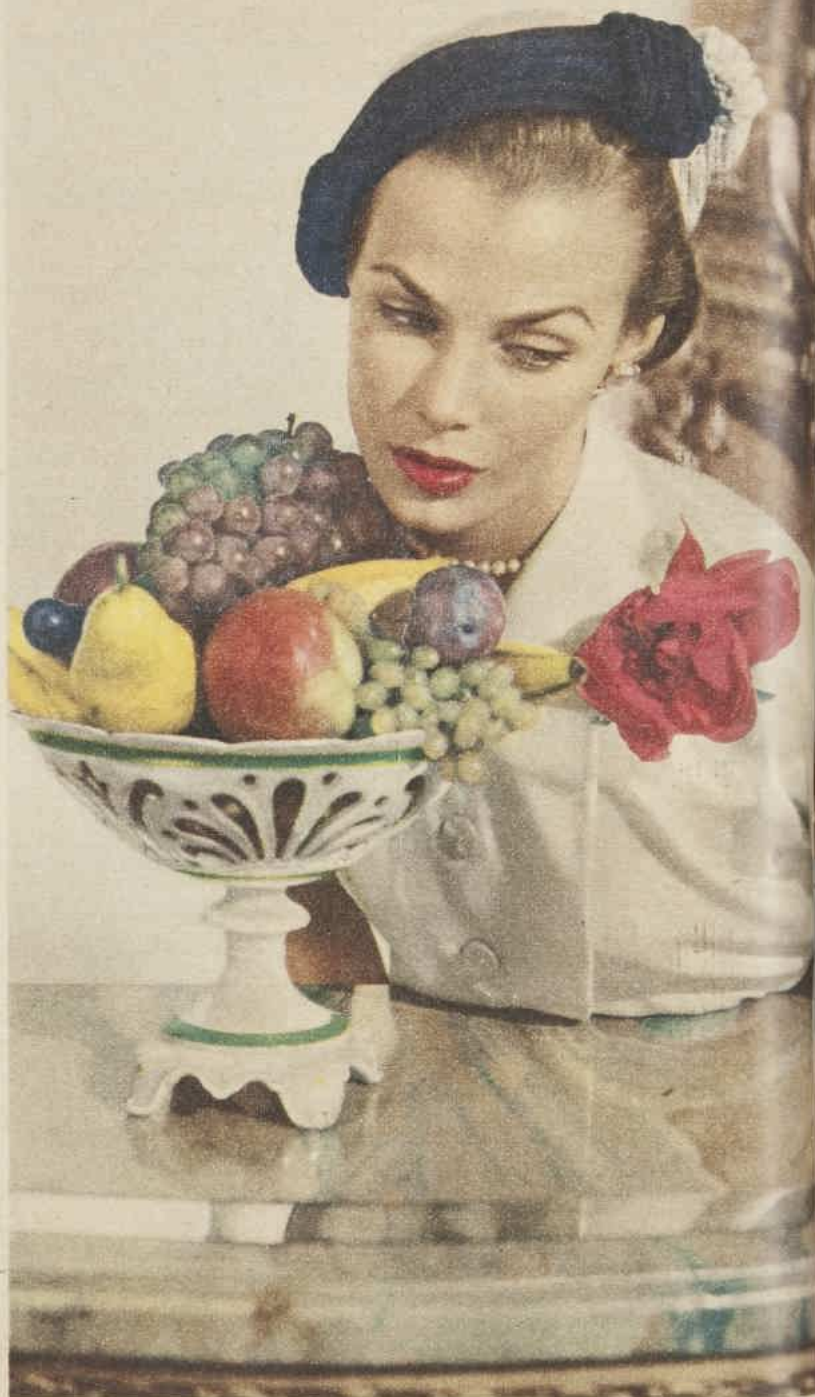


6593.—Gob cap with detachable brim, above, is easy to make. Requires 1yd. 36in. linen, ½yd. leno, 4 snap-fasteners, 1-3rd yd. of satin lining, and a flower trimming. Pattern price, 1/6.



6594.—The enchanting pink pillbox, above, is made in grosgrain. The directions for drafting and making can be followed by a beginner. It is a right-through-the-summer hat. Requires 1yd. 18in. grosgrain, 30in. millinery wire, ½yd. soft leno, 1-3rd yd. satin, and ½yd. 1in. grosgrain ribbon for headband. Pattern price, 1/6.

• Seven lovely hats designed for gala and everyday occasions for smart young women and matrons. Not one of the models is difficult to make. To order patterns, see panel on page 27.



6596.—Sophisticated, side-sweeping turban is a delight to wear and perfect from five o'clock onwards. Make the turban in two shades of velvet or in the fabric of a dress you want to match. There are no difficulties about fitting this model. Requires 1-3rd yd. 36in. white velvet and 1-3rd yd. 36in. navy velvet, 3yds. ½in. cord, and ½yd. 1in. grosgrain ribbon for headband. Pattern price, 1/6.



6598.—Bed-of-violets pillbox is not formidable sewing, but it does take patience. We recommend this model as being an ideal way in which to re-dress an old hat. Use the crown as the base and two organdies in different shades for the flowers. A flattering model for the older woman. We give you the directions on page 30.



6592.—Pillbox in silk grosgrain is worn with the new forward slant. The model is designed for between seasons; for cooler days it could be made in velvet. The hat is stitched to simulate quilting. Instructions for making are given in detail on page 30.

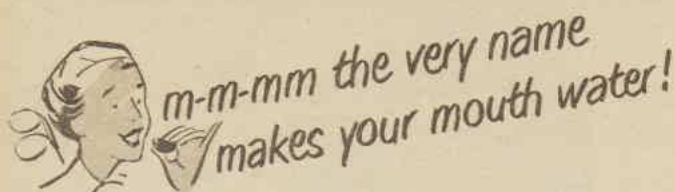


6597.—Navy, feather-trimmed toque for the young matron, at left, requires 1½ yds. 18in. grosgrain, ¾ yd. leno, ¾ yd. lin. matching ribbon for headband, 1½ yds. millinery wire, and feather trim. Pattern price, 1/6.

6595.—Amusing flowerpot model, at right, is worn to show the hairline. Requires ¾ yd. 18in. grosgrain, ¾ yd. soft leno, 1-3rd yd. 36in. satin, and ¾ yd. lin. matching ribbon for headband. Pattern price, 1/6.



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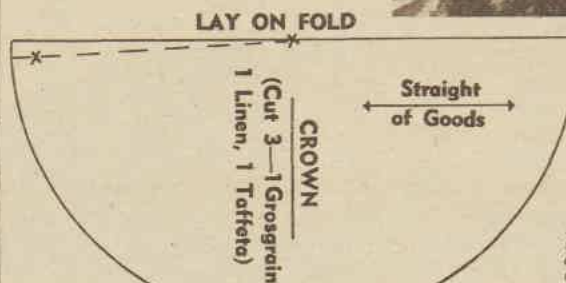
I want Cadbury's

CM2(3/1)

TWO COMPLETE PATTERNS

HERE are photographs and patterns of the two model hats shown in color on page 29, with step-by-step diagrams for making.

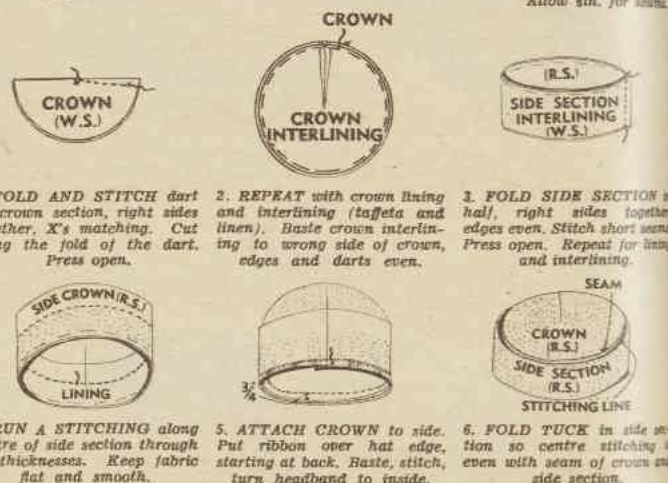
The pillbox, at right, can be made in silk grosgrain for spring and summer. The embroidered spots are optional. The violet toque, below, is perfect for spring. Both hats can be confidently undertaken by beginners.



6592—Pillbox requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 18 in. grosgrain, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36 in. linen, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36 in. taffeta, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. grosgrain ribbon.

DIAGRAM at left shows how to cut crown. Both crown and side sections are cut in grosgrain, linen, and taffeta. Side sections are 11 in. long by 5 in. deep. Allow $\frac{1}{4}$ in. for seams.

THE ABOVE DIAGRAM IS EXACTLY $\frac{1}{2}$ ACTUAL SIZE



Violet toque

Violet toque in three shades of organdie is a good renovation idea for the crown of a discarded hat. It could also be made on a leno crown which can be bought for about 2/6.

THIS DIAGRAM IS ACTUAL SIZE



FLOWER
(CUT OF CARDBOARD)
EXACT size diagram (above) to cut blossoms.

6598.—Toque requires 1 yd. organdie (this allows material for covering crown), $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. each of two other shades of organdie, beads or sequins for fastening the flowers to the crown.



DEEPEST SHADE NEXT DEEPEST THE TWO UPPERMOST OF HAT SHADE

CUT BLOSSOMS (above) by putting cardboard shapes on four layers of three tonings of organdie. Deepest shade should be at bottom, then the next deepest, with, on top, two layers of the shade used to cover crown.



ATTACH blossoms all over hat, with a bead at centre of each.



Wedding Inspiration

● *Three glamorous ideas for a bride and her attendants, plus a chic little hat in white grosgrain. The heart-shaped bridal headdress in brocade could also be made in satin taffeta or crepe. For a very young bridesmaid, the Juliet cap is perfection. The more sophisticated will love the star-pointed bandeau. To obtain patterns, see page 27.*

6600.—For the bride, a heart-shaped winged headdress, above, in white brocade. Requires 3yd. 36in. brocade and 12in. x 9in. sparterie for interlining. Pattern price, 1/6.

6599.—Star-pointed bandeau, top right, is made in net. The bandeau is stitched and set with clusters of beads, sequins. Requires 1-3rd yd. 36in. net. Pattern price, 1/6.

6601.—Juliet cap in tulle, above right, has scalloped edge with tiny pleated ruffle. Requires 1-3rd yd. 54in. tulle and 26in. length of millinery wire. Pattern price, 1/6.

6591.—Going-away hat, right, in felt or white grosgrain. Requires 1yd. 18in. grosgrain, 3yd. 1in. ribbon for the headband, and 1yd. 1in. ribbon for the trim. Pattern price, 1/6.





The exciting new HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

THIS NEWEST IDEA in Beauty Treatment is winning so much sincere praise that women who couldn't be bothered before with proper care of their skin are now taking it up in thousands.

For the first time, a luxurious Beauty-Salon type of skin care is available for use in your own home, at your leisure, and regularly so that you use it the way it does your skin most good—a practical method of getting, and keeping, a really lovely skin.

Skin Deep Facial does transform your looks, brings your skin a natural fine smooth texture, softens away any roughness or coarseness, and at the same time is so luxuriant an experience, so refreshing!

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6628.—Spanish hat in white pique is worn straight with the new forward slant. It requires ½ yd. 36in. pique and ½ yd. 36in. stiff leno. Price, 1/6.

NEW SHAPES IN BONNETS

AMERICAN designer Sally Victor, who has made bonnets her trademark, styled the mother-and-daughter twosome, at right. The picture is featured on our cover. The square bonnet, above, is adapted from a Spanish cap. To order patterns, see page 27.



6590.—Mother-and-daughter bonnets. The two require 1 yd. 36in. linen, 1 yd. 36in. stiff leno for the brim, 1 yd. soft leno for the crown, ½ yd. satin, and 1½ yds. 1in. grosgrain ribbon. Price, 1/6.

Stitch guide for home milliners

● Some millinery uses for the simple stitches illustrated here

Stab-stitch: For joining two pieces of interlining together, and for sewing a blocked crown to the brim.

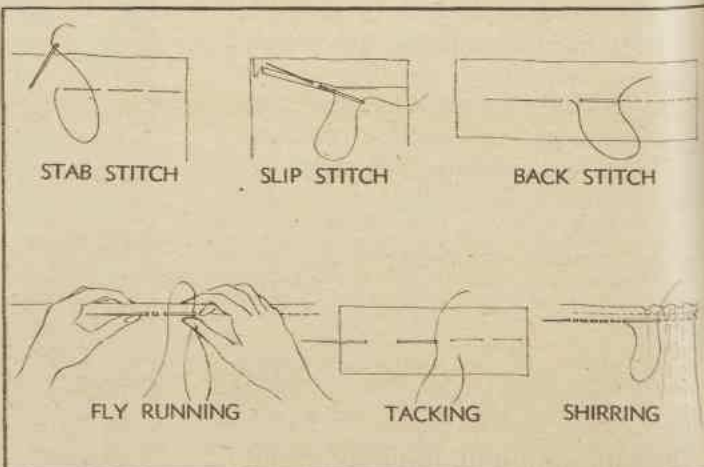
Slip-stitch: For invisible sewing on draped hats, for hemming on ribbon bows, and for joining on head linings. Also used for joining material coverings neatly on brim edge when covering a sparterie shape.

Back-stitch: For extra strength, in place of machine-stitching; also used for joining crown seams in material hats.

Fly-running: For gathering.

Tacking: For basting soft material hats together before sewing. An alternative is stab-stitch.

Shirring: For soft ribbon rosettes and net trimming on children's hats.



THE FIVE-IN-ONE HAT

THESE five smart hats are made from one pattern. To make all the models you will need 2yds. 36in. white linen, 1yd. 36in. leno, 1/2yd. check gingham, 1/2yd. 18in. black millinery velvet, 1/2yd. 1in. grosgrain ribbon, and 32 press-studs. Pattern number is 6632, price 1/6. To order pattern, see panel, page 27.



● The model above is in spring's ever-popular color combination of black and white.



● One basic crown is used for these five hats. The brims snap on with press-studs. The design above is adapted from an American sailing cap. It is ideal to wear with a cotton washing frock, slacks and shirt, or a swimsuit.



● Minus the brim, the design becomes a chic, head-hugging skull-cap for spring through summer. An ornament clipped to the side is smart hat decor for day or night.



● Another variation of the five-way hat is shown above. Here the model has a turned-back asymmetrical brim. This design is especially becoming to the teenagers.



● Scalloped turned-back brim, above, is made in check gingham and combined with the white linen basic crown. This professional job is easy sewing for beginners. Different colored brims would be a smart and practical idea.

Now... a better, longer-lasting
more natural-looking
home perm with the

Richard Hudnut

Refill

(using any Plastic Curlers)



THE KIT WITH
THE 22% MORE
EFFECTIVE WAV-
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Use the economical Richard Hudnut Refill Kit (everything you need except curlers), and get all the benefits of this salon-type luxury wave... the most natural-looking wave you've ever seen, no frizz, no kinks, and so easy to manage... gentler conditioning action plus extra penetration... leaves hair springier and stronger.

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Digest! Rennies contain five medicinal ingredients that neutralise acids and aid digestion. As Rennies dissolve, these ingredients trickle gently into the stomach. Indigestion goes fast!

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When you feel low in spirit, weary, depressed, nature is warning you that you're run-down. Then is the time to start taking WINCARNIS, the tonic with the marvellous reputation for restoring natural buoyant health and vigour to people who are run-down through worry and overwork.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go.

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel top up and up. Get a package today.

Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store right away.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Soldiers Three

AS entertainment there is a deal to be said for the fun and games in M.G.M.'s "Soldiers Three," but the declaration of the film's allegiance to Rudyard Kipling in the credits is confusing.

Seldom has the burden of Empire been borne more lightly than in this hearty Hollywood comedy about three British soldiers serving in India in the 1890's.

The three army men are Privates Stewart Granger (Ackroyd), Robert Newton (Sykes), and Cyril Cusack (Mulloy).

What we will generously term the story is introduced by pukka sahib Walter Pidgeon and described by him as "that business in Murrabad."

Actually it amounts to watching the troublesome trio getting in and out of a series of broad comedy scrapes with unobtrusive touches of serious business that bear little relation to reality or any military manual.

With only an occasional lapse into crisp speech, Stewart Granger does a creditable job as the Cockney ranker, and Cyril Cusack is right in character as the Irish member. Robert Newton's eye-rolling, grimacing technique strikes a sour note.

David Niven and Robert Coote pull their weight in lesser roles.

In Sydney—St. James.

★★ I'd Climb the Highest Mountain

THERE is much that is charming, colorful, and sentimental in Fox's "technicolor film" "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," it is a story of horse-and-buggy days of forty years ago.

The action covers a one-year span in the lives of a circuit minister of the gospel and his young, city-bred wife in the rugged Blue Ridge hill country of Georgia.

Leading roles are excellently played by William Lundigan and Susan Hayward, who also doubles as narrator.

Lundigan's Rev. Dr. Thompson emerges as a handsomely rounded character of wit, understanding, and compassion; he is also an entirely credible young man of refreshing informality.

As the minister's wife who learns from sometimes bitter experience to match the faith of her husband, Susan Hayward has a role that contrasts sharply with everything she has tackled in the past. Her stocks as an actress will appreciate considerably on the strength of this effort.

The lines provided in the script for Alexander Knox, who plays the local atheist, strike the only unreal note.

The rest of the supporting players, including Rory Calhoun, remain true to the gingham and dungaree atmosphere of the screen play.

In Sydney—Century.

CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL—*"Fury of the Congo,"* jungle melodrama starring Johnny Weissmuller. Plus *"Smoky Mountain Melody."*

CENTURY—*"I'd Climb the Highest Mountain,"* period romance starring Susan Hayward, William Lundigan. (See review this page.) Plus *"Campus Honey-moon."*

CIVIC—*"Kiss To-morrow Good-bye,"* gangster melodrama starring James Cagney, Barbara Peyton. Plus *"Rose of the Yukon."*

EMBASSY—*"The Modlark,"* historical drama starring Irene Dunne, Alec Guinness, Andrew Ray. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE—*"We Want a Child,"* Danish film on childbirth.

LIBERTY—*"The Great Caruso,"* technicolor drama based on biography of Enrico Caruso, starring Mario Lanza, Ann Blyth. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—*"Emergency Wedding,"* modern romantic comedy starring Larry Parks, Barbara Hale. Plus *"Criminal Lawyer."*

LYRIC—*"Born Yesterday,"* political satire starring Judy Holliday, William Holden, Broderick Crawford. Plus *"Last of the Red Men."*

MAYFAIR—*"For Heaven's Sake,"* comedy starring Clifton Webb, Joan Bennett, Robert Cummings. (See review this page.) Plus *"Motor Patrol."*

PLAZA—*"Caged,"* drama of women's prison, starring Eleanor Parker, Agnes Moorehead. Plus *"Bandit Queen"* with Barbara Britton, Willard Parker.

PRINCE EDWARD—*"That's My Boy,"* comedy starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. Plus featurettes.

REGENT—*"Never a Dull Moment,"* comedy romance starring Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray. Plus *"The House Across the Street."*

SAVOY—*"Kon-Tiki,"* documentary film on actual Pacific expedition. (See review this page.) Plus *"Magic Town,"* starring James Stewart, Jane Wyatt.

ST. JAMES—*"Soldiers Three,"* comedy of British Army in India, starring Stewart Granger, Walter Pidgeon, David Niven. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

STATE—*"The Groom Wore Spurs,"* comedy romance starring Ginger Rogers, Jack Carson. Plus *"Smuggler's Island."*

VARIETY—*"The Divorce of Lady X,"* society comedy, starring Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson, Merle Oberon. Plus *"The Squeaker."*

VICTORY—*"Dark City,"* murder melodrama starring Charlton Heston, Elizabeth Scott.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average

★★ Kon-Tiki

"KON-TIKI" (R.K.O.) is a 16mm. documentary-type film recording a Pacific expedition organised and narrated by Norwegian scientist Thor Heyerdahl.

As those who have read the book will already know, the purpose of the expedition was to test Heyerdahl's theory that Polynesians might have originally come from the shores of South America.

Those who clamor for the real McCoy in screen entertainment will find this record of what happened to Heyerdahl and his adventurous companions as trade winds and ocean currents swept them along their course quite engrossing, in spite of photographic limitations.

Vivited by not-always-welcome denizens of the deep, tossed by storm, and at one point cast adrift, the expedition has serious as well as exciting moments.

"Kon-Tiki" is the name given to the forty-foot balsa raft which the men built by hand from specifications laid down by Peruvian natives hundreds of years ago.

Equipped with the bare minimum of navigating essentials and food, the craft proved its worthiness in the Pacific haul.

In Sydney—Savoy.

★ For Heaven's Sake

ERSTWHILE Mr. Belvedere (Clifton Webb), thinly disguised as an angel wearing Western garb, is hard put to it to extract a quota of humor from Fox's "For Heaven's Sake."

The occasionally amusing screenplay has Clifton Webb's Charles and Edmund Gwenn's Arthur a couple of well-meaning, busybody angels bringing some of their superior insight to bear on the affairs of charming Joan Bennett and Robert Cummings.

Commenting as one who has never taken too kindly to comic escapades of celestial bodies returned to earth, this would seem to be an excellent opportunity to point out that the funniest incident in the whole film is a piece of down-to-earth slapstick.

Main job of the heavenly duo is to keep the marriage of the successful but selfish theatrical couple from going on the rocks in order that they may take delivery of as yet unborn Gigi Perreau.

In order to do so, Charles eventually rushes in where even a fool would fear to tread, assumes the human form of a Texas millionaire, and thereupon becomes mixed up in a series of crises arising out of the subterfuge.

Frivolous goings-on involving gold-digger type Joan Blondell step up pace and interest towards the finale.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

"You're adorable!"

"I'm a LUX GIRL"

says Ruth Roman



Ruth Roman in the co-stars with Gary Cooper in Warner Bros. epic of the Texas cattle lands, "Dulles."

Being on location in hot Texan cattle areas can be very severe on fine complexions, but not so for Ruth Roman's. Wherever she may be, Ruth Roman never neglects her daily-active lather facials with pure, white Lux Toilet Soap. Says Ruth, "It's wonderful the way that active lather leaves the skin softer, smoother, really makes skin lovelier."



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Page 35

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The Glass Menagerie

BRILLIANT and moody young American playwright Tennessee Williams adapted his successful Broadway stage play "The Glass Menagerie" for the screen.

Warners' presentation of this finely drawn social drama places British Gertrude Lawrence in the role of Amanda Wingfield, middle-aged mother of two offspring—crippled daughter Laura (Jane Wyman) and a sea-hungry, warehouseman son Tom (Arthur Kennedy).

Before her marriage a southern belle besieged by many "gentleman callers,"

Amanda has kept her small family together with the few dollars earned by Tom and herself.

Constantly attempting to re-create a dream world of bouquets and beaux, Amanda hounds Tom to do something about his sister Laura, a girl withdrawn from reality and interested only in her glass menagerie, a small collection of glass animals which she cherishes.

Her quest for a "gentleman caller" for Laura results in Tom bringing home Jim O'Connor (Kirk Douglas), who helps Laura overcome her introspection.



Jane Wyman



Arthur Kennedy



Gertrude Lawrence



"GENTLEMAN CALLER"
Jim O'Connor (Kirk Douglas), at left, encourages shy, crippled Laura (Jane Wyman) to forget her handicap in a touching scene from "The Glass Menagerie."

"Why are your teeth
so much **Whiter**
today?"



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FAULDING LAVENDER & MUSK

FROM THE PERFUMERY DIVISION OF FAULDING LABORATORIES



1 HIRED as trouble-shooter on mysterious stage disappearances, veteran driver and former co-owner of the stageline, rugged Grif Holbrook (Rod Cameron), right, accompanies the new manager to Apache Station.



2 COMPETITIVE spirit grows between Grif and his assistant, Barney Brokerick (Wayne Morris), left, over everything, including the favor of Kate Crocker, to whom Grif has given job in Tucson.

STAGE TO TUCSON



3 HOLD-UP by masked group while Grif rides stage seeking evidence is witnessed by Kate (Kay Buckley). Later he kills two of the bandits.

THE American Civil War provides the background for Columbia's action drama "Stage To Tucson."

Union military heads are worried over the constant hijacking of stage coaches between Apache and Tucson. These coaches, on which the Union Army will depend for supplies, vanish in the desert and, later, turn up in Atlanta, to be used by the Confederate forces.

Investigators find that the stolen waggons are de-wheeled and shipped in other coaches to a distant receiving point.



4 RIVALS Grif and Barney spar over Kate. The girl encourages Grif but is really in love with younger Barney.



5 CAPTURED while spying on Jim Maroon (Ray Roberts), centre, owner of rival stageline and bandit ringleader, Barney escapes death by offering to join band after untruthfully confessing he has split with Grif.



6 SALOON QUEEN Annie Benson (Sally Ellen) renews friendship with old beau Grif. He does not know she is Maroon's estranged wife. She convinces town's Southern patriots Maroon is disloyal.



7 WAGGON-TRAIN of stolen stages organised by Maroon is overhauled by Grif and sheriff's posse. In ensuing fight Barney, who is driving leading vehicle, is saved from Maroon's bullet by angry henchman first shooting Maroon.



8 LEAVING for war as shooting commences, Barney farewells Kate, who promises to wait for him. Realising that he still loves Annie, Grif is happy about their understanding.

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MAY WIN
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skin • Fresher, clearer
colour

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and a warm, pain-stopping relief. Sloan's is standard equipment in gymnasiums throughout the world. Make it standard equipment in your home—ever ready to guard against the pain of injury such as bruises, sprains, strains, injured muscles and aching, stiff joints. No massaging, no rubbing. Simply dab on a little Sloan's and instant relief will follow.



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FAMILY LINIMENT
AT ALL CHEMISTS

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A BOTTLE



BUSBY MACINTYRE
"Better ring off now, dear, someone's beginning to get a bit C-R-A-double-B-Y."



"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

It seems to me

HOW relentlessly science burrows away, discovering new facts and destroying old beliefs.

One of its latest revelations comes from Southern Arabia, where an American Foundation has had a batch of scientists and scholars gathering information about the Queen of Sheba.

They announce that she really did live, about 950 B.C., and that she visited King Solomon, but that they found nothing to suggest that she was a great beauty.

Well, I do think that after all these years that's a bit hard on the girl!

I suppose, with all those scholars and scientists burrowing away, 35 of them all told, they aren't interested in any other theories. They have plenty of their own.

But mine is that, as from all accounts the Queen of Sheba was very well supplied with this world's goods, it didn't matter so much whether she was pretty or not.

I should say that, just as a modern woman, if rich and leisured, can achieve a fair imitation of good looks, so did the Queen of Sheba.

But isn't it a shame when you think of it? There she was, spending so much on masseurs, cosmeticians, hairdressers, clothes, and jewellers. Nobody game to say a word while she was alive, and the best part of three thousand years later somebody blows the gaff.

SOME wry expressions must have crossed listeners' faces when the Federal Treasurer, Sir Arthur Fadden, making a broadcast in support of the new loan, appealed to Australians to spend money on essential goods only.

There is a large section of the community, struggling to bring up families on to-day's food prices, which must laugh at the thought of trying to afford anything other than essential goods.

There are others who have responded to "appeals" before but who, knowing how soon the Government will remove their surplus spending money in tax, feel a little cynical about the eventual result of such response.

In war-time, fear was a powerful force which helped patriotism. Many people in those days put their savings into war bonds. Now, when the value of those bonds has dropped so considerably below par, they tend to be distrustful of a Treasurer's appeals.

A WHILE back I had a paragraph remarking that since we already had Mother's Day and Father's Day there would, in time, doubtless be a day set aside for Auntie.

Promptly came a letter from A. and E. Duff, drapers, of Belmont, a Sydney suburb, pointing out that back in April they had no mere auntie's day but a whole auntie's week.

They enclosed an advertisement to prove it, showing that ten per cent. discount was offered on everything bought for auntie throughout the week, an arrangement which seems calculated to raise the prestige of aunties in the minds of all women shoppers.

By



Dorothy Drain

IT looks as if the days of luxury air travel may soon be over. Britain's airlines hope to introduce cheaper services next year by cutting out gifts, free meals and drinks, and by charging bus fares to and from airports.

The practice of plying air travellers with food at frequent intervals certainly takes their minds off either nervousness or boredom, whichever is their chief complaint in the air.

Some international airlines, competing with one another in luxury touches, have reached dizzy heights in the gifts they include to attract travellers—wine, orchids, perfumes, make-up kits, and heaven knows what.

Ah, well, it had to finish. One looks forward to air travel in another twenty years:

"Be quiet, Willie, and your great-aunt will tell you a story about how there used to be air hostesses who brought lunch around and gave you a magazine . . . Well, have a banana. Have you got the biscuits in the lunch-bag, Mary? Ask the lady in the seat opposite if she'd like one. George, run along and ask the pilot when he's finished counting the ticket-money whether he has a match for our spirit stove, and I'll make us all a nice hot cuppa tea. Unless he'd like to land on that little island down there and we'll boil the billy."

IN America, the Federal Trade Commission has succeeded in getting legislation passed to make furriers call furs by their right names.

In future, Arctic seal, French sable, min-kony, nuttietie, twin beaver, Galland-squirrel, and marmotine will become simply "rabbit." Australian furriers don't fly to such imaginative heights, mostly contenting themselves with "coney" and "lapin."

Of course, farmers and graziers use a lot of other names, too . . .

SIX hundred psychologists from 25 countries met at Stockholm recently for the 13th International Congress of Psychologists. The programme included 150 lectures on modern psychology.

To a mind that has only toyed
On the fringes of Adler and Freud,
Six hundred psychologists, massed,
Is a thought to make one aghast.
Just think of them, all well-adjusted,
With reflexes tried and trusted;
Discussing your complex and mine—
Not a quirk that they cannot define.
Imagine the picture it poses,
Six hundred—and not one neurosis!
Or at least that impression, I'd say,
Is the one that they try to convey.
But I bet they'd respond with loud screams
If you asked them to tell you their dreams.

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EATING
ENJOYABLE



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MODERN MANNERS DINING and DANCING



Some behaviour points to put young people at ease

An invitation to a smart restaurant, night-club, or big private dance can often unnervingly young people just starting to move about socially, or older ones used to a quiet existence.

YOU need not be nervous if you know the various little niceties of formal behaviour required.

On arrival at a night-club or very smart restaurant, the party or twosome usually breaks up while wraps and coats are left in the respective cloakrooms.

The girl who wants to keep her wrap but does not want to be left standing while her escort leaves his coat can always gracefully fill in a few minutes smoothing her face and hair in the cloakroom until she thinks he is ready.

On reaching the table, if the waiter does not draw out the girl's chair for her, it is her escort's job to do so.

If dining only, gloves should immediately be removed and table napkins taken from the table and placed on laps.

If there is to be dancing, with dinner served later, gloves should be removed and table napkins left folded on the table.

At any good restaurant, hotel, or night-club a separate menu is given either to each person or each two persons.

The term "à la carte" on a menu means that each dish is charged for separately. "Table d'hôte" means that a fixed price is charged for the meal, regardless of the number of listed dishes ordered.

The waiter stands beside the host, who should ask the guests individually what they would like to order. It is incorrect for either a man or a woman guest to by-pass the host and give the order direct to the waiter.

When the menu is in French it is both sensible and the accepted thing to ask the waiter "What is this dish?"

A host unfamiliar with wines should seek the assistance of the wine waiter before ordering. The good wine waiter regards the giving of advice as part of his job.

If bread rolls are served they should be broken with the fingers, not cut. As a sign to the waiter that you have

finished, place your knife and fork together in the centre of the plate.

When there is a host, it is incorrect for anyone to begin dancing until the host has asked the oldest or most important woman to dance.

The host and each man ask all the women in the party to dance with them at least once. Lastly, the host dances with his wife.

At such a party it is understood that no one dances outside it and that no girl is left alone at the table.

Do not ask for second helpings, as the food is cooked to order.

Bigger parties

CIGARETTES are always put out by both men and women before going on to a dance floor.

It is a nicety that women of the party don't notice the paying of the bill or the conference with the waiter which may attend it.

When the party is made up of several couples and there is no special host, it is customary for one of the men to settle the bill and for the others to pay him their share when they are getting their coats.

If you have left a coat or hat in the cloakroom, or ac-

MENUS in French confuse many people. You are quite correct if you ask the waiter, "What is this dish?"

cepted any service from the attendant, leave a tip unobtrusively before departing.

At a private dance each male guest is expected to dance with his hostess and her daughters, if any. If there is a guest of honor he should dance with her also.

If he "brings" a girl, he has the first dance with her. He should dance with her several times during the night, and take her in to supper.

He must also take her home. "Will you dance?" is today the accepted version of the slightly pompous "May I have the pleasure?"

It is easy enough for the girl to reply, "Thank you, I'd like to." But when for some reason she does not want to dance with that particular man, she needs a polite but definite formula of refusal.

"Thank you, but I've already promised this one" has proved itself most satisfactory over the years.

There is hardly a man or a girl who has not at some time found himself or herself "stuck" with a partner who resists all hints and continues to cling like a limpet.

Best thing the sufferer can do is tackle the matter firmly. One unkind, but effective, method is to steer the unwary limpet over to a group of friends, and, after introducing him, just fade away.

Failing that, the time-honored dodge of retiring to the cloakroom, though lacking in imagination, can always be depended on to work.

Mothers must rest

REST is essential to mothers of young babies, and the complete relaxation of body and mind is an obligation every bit as pressing as the care of the infant.

Most mothers of first babies are inclined to concentrate on the baby and its welfare and neglect themselves.

But failure on the part of the mother to give herself sufficient rest will have an adverse effect on the infant. Overworked and strained, the mother may not be able to feed the child properly.

The technique of successful feeding of the baby is fully discussed in the enlarged new edition of "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A.

Copies may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, or from leading booksellers in the capital cities. Price, 8/6, 9d. postage.

Names and addresses should be printed clearly in block letters.



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Chips Rafferty

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ROBERT

The Gipsy Warned Me

Continued from page 13

his cigarette and said casually: "Oh, I don't know. It's one of those things, isn't it—one of those things that people tell you you must be sensible about?"

"What does that mean?" I asked.

He said: "Well, these things can always be arranged. This Hubert of yours was kind enough to suggest that the right thing for me to do was to allow you to divorce me. I'm quite prepared to consent to that. Then you can have your Hubert."

"And," I countered, "you can have your Angele."

"Precisely," said Robert. "I'll get in touch with my lawyer to-morrow morning, and we'll get things arranged." He grinned at me. "I'll make it pretty easy for you, Kitten."

I said with dignity: "Thank you very much, Robert. I'll leave everything to you. And now, if you don't mind, I'll go and lie down. I have a headache."

I went to my bedroom. I lay down and looked at the ceiling. I'd never felt so utterly wretched in all my life. This, I thought, was the end of everything.

I was drying my eyes when there was a tap at the door, and Annette put her head round. She said, "Madame . . . Mrs. Glynn is in the drawing-room. I've shown her in there. She sees very excited about something."

I got up and powdered my nose. I wondered what Clairette wanted. Advice—I imagined.

I thought cynically that it was rather amusing that at a time like this when I was up to my neck in trouble with my own domestic affairs I should have to give advice to Clairette.

When I went into the drawing-room she was walking up and down, smoking a cigarette. She said, "My dear . . . I'm

so excited. What do you think?"

I said, "I don't know what I think, Clairette. What are you excited about?"

Hubert, I suppose . . . I added sarcastically.

"Yes, in a way," she said. "But I'm fearfully excited about Sebastian. I think he's too, too wonderful."

The idea of Clairette thinking the unfortunate Sebastian was too, too wonderful was rather too much for me.

I said, "Exactly what do you mean by that?"

She said, "My dear . . . I'll tell you. You know I thought I was fearfully keen on this Hubert Pelliflow I met at this fortune-teller's—the one I recommended to you? Well, I thought I was in love with him, Mignon, but actually, of course, I wasn't. Actually, all the time I've been in love with Sebastian, but I didn't realise it. My dear, isn't it too divine . . . the idea of being in love with your own husband?"

"Definitely a new experience so far as you're concerned, Clairette," I said. "But why this sudden change of front?"

She said, "I've just discovered something about Sebastian. Of course, he's not a lot to look at. He's short and plump and rather vague. Sometimes he seems rather ridiculous, but underneath that . . . underneath that, I tell you, my dear, he's a cave man."

I said, "Really! How did you discover this?"

Clairette said, "I'll tell you. Hubert had written me a letter saying that he was coming to the flat to-night to have a showdown with Sebastian and tell him that he was going to take me away. Apparently there was an awful row. It seems that Sebastian got hold of him, threw him down the stairs, and kicked him into the street. Isn't it wonderful?"

I asked, "Who told you this?"

Clairette said, "I heard it from the hall-porter when I came in. He didn't see it, but he'd heard about it from some people who were standing outside."

"I see. Well, it looks, Clairette, as if everything's all right for you. I'm glad you've fallen in love with Sebastian."

She said, "Yes . . . I'm going to tell him so when I go in. I think I've been rather stupid about Sebastian."

"I'm certain you have," I replied. "However, give yourself a cocktail and smoke a cigarette. Don't go for a moment. I've got to make a phone call. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

I WENT back to my bedroom. I thought that even if I were miserable myself there was no reason why I shouldn't try to give Sebastian a hint for his future happiness. I went to the telephone on my bedside table.

Sebastian answered the telephone. I said: "Listen, Sebastian . . . this is Mignon d'Epernay, Clairette's here. It seems that Hubert Pettiflow arrived here to-night to have his interview with you and came to the wrong flat. He came to our apartment. He saw Robert. He thought Robert was you."

Sebastian said, "Oh, dear . . ."

"It's not a matter of 'Oh, dear' at all," I said. "It's very good for you. Robert listened to what he had to say and thought he was talking about me, not Clairette. So he threw him out of the flat and kicked him down the stairs."

Sebastian said: "By Jove . . . that was pretty good . . . I like that!"

"I'm glad," I said. "Now listen to me . . . Clairette says she's fallen in love with you all over again, because she thinks it was you who kicked Hubert out. She thinks you're a he-man. So go on being one. Why don't you come in and collect her? But be tough. Clairette needs that."

He said: "All right, Mignon . . . I will. Just watch me. From now on things are going to be very different in this ménage."

"I'm glad of that," I said. I hung up. Everybody, it seemed, was going to be happy except me.

Rather miserably I went out of the room; began to cross the hall towards the drawing-room. When I passed the hall table I saw that the telephone directory was open. It was open at the letter "D."

Something told me that Robert had been looking up M'selle Angele Dulac's number. I looked through the list of names. There it was . . . Mademoiselle Angele Dulac . . . and she lived not half a mile away.

I made a mental note of the number, closed the book, went back to my bedroom. I picked up the telephone and called the number.

A very charming voice with a pronounced French accent said: "Elo!"

I asked: "Is that M'selle Angele Dulac?"

"But yes," said the voice. "Who else that who speaks, please?"

I said: "The Countess d'Epernay."

The charming voice at the other end interrupted. "But of course . . . that will be the dear little Mignon . . . Robert's wife. For so many years I've wanted to meet you and to talk to you. Always Robert was so pleased with the idea of our meeting."

"But, alas, the war . . . and all these troubles . . . has stopped that. When I saw 'em last time . . . when 'e was dropped in France during the war . . . such a dangerous mission, ma petite . . . I was able to 'elp him."

"And I told 'em to arrange it as soon as possible. You see, I've known him for a long time . . . and there es nobody loves a man more than the woman who nursed 'em."

I gulped into the telephone: "Of course, you were Robert's nurse. You see, he'd never told me your name."

She laughed. "That doesn't matter," she said. "Yes . . . I nursed Robert since he was a little tiny boy . . . so small that you could hardly see 'em."

I said: "Angele . . . we're going to meet to-morrow. And we're going to have a celebration. For the moment, au revoir."

I hung up. I went over to the dressing-table and powdered my nose. I looked at myself in the glass. I thought I looked rather good-looking. The suggestion of tears about my eyes was, I thought, rather attractive.

I went back to the drawing-room. When I arrived I found Clairette talking to Robert. Robert looked very, very sheepish.

I said to him in a grim voice, "Well, has she told you?"

He said, "Yes, Kitten . . . she's told me all about it . . . an extraordinary coincidence that . . . fearfully extraordinary. I ought to explain . . ."

"You don't have to explain anything," I said. "I've just been talking to M'selle Dulac. She's rather sweet, isn't she?"

He grinned. He said, "So she told you?"

I nodded.

SUDDENLY there was a prolonged ring on the front doorbell—so long and so loud that I thought the place must be on fire. It was Sebastian. He came into the drawing-room, nodded casually to Robert and me.

He said to Clairette, "Don't you think it's time you came home?"

Clairette got up. She said in a weak voice, "Yes, darling."

I looked at Robert. I said: "I'm very glad that you discovered my taste in men wasn't quite so bad. I'm rather sorry that you thought I could fall for a man like Hubert."

He looked very uncomfortable. He said, "Well, one can believe anything sometimes, and when a woman goes to a fortune-teller, one always thinks she is in love with somebody else."

I said, "Yes? So you thought that?"

He nodded. "I suppose I did," he said. "Of course, I was fearfully stupid of me. By the way, Kitten, what did that fortune-teller tell you?"

"She told me I was going to have a rather exciting experience with a man."

He said: "Yes? What sort of man?"

"A man who is tall, slim, dark, and rather good looking," I replied.

He said: "Oh . . ." Then he looked in the mirror. He began to grin. "By Jove, I'm tall . . . I'm slim . . . I'm dark . . ."

"And in certain circumstances," I said, "you might be considered to be good looking."

He said: "Well, you know what to expect."

I said: "What am I to expect, Robert?"

He said: "You ought to know . . . the gipsy warned you . . ."

(Copyright)

VELVET SOAP saves costly linen replacements in this modern home

says Aunt Jenny



"You see, not a sign of weakness — and this tablecloth must be years old," said Mrs. Purnell, as she gathered in her spotlessly clean washing. She laughed. "And this schoolboy son of mine is a holy terror for making his shirts dirty, but with Velvet on the job I get wonderful wear from his clothes. Aunt Jenny, I'm convinced Velvet Soap is all you say. I've proved that Velvet-washed clothes actually do last longer."

When Aunt Jenny visited Mrs. Thelma Purnell, in her charming, modern home at 4 Makinson Street, Gladsville, N.S.W., she learned how this wise housewife is saving on housekeeping expenses. "With the high cost of new clothes and linens" said Mrs. Purnell, "I'm extra careful with the things I wash. I never have to rub hard with Velvet Soap — and that way my linens give me so much extra wear."



The china, glassware and silver gleamed in the cupboards as Aunt Jenny helped with the washing up in Mrs. Purnell's bright, modern kitchen. "Velvet's so good for every cleaning job," Mrs. Purnell said. "Look how these wonderful suds shift the grease from china. And Velvet's so gentle — this woolly of mine for instance, is washed in Velvet suds. Whenever I need soap, you'll find me using Velvet."

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FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAP — even under a magnifying glass — look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with starchy, inferior lather. And look how these woolly suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP — seen under a magnifying glass — stay strong as new, wash after wash because no hard-rubbing is needed — yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!



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W9/121 IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE



MANDRAKE: Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His Nubian servant, **PRINCESS NARDA:** Seek the jewelled city in the polar regions described to them by **MUNDEN:** An explorer. Caught in a blizzard, Mandrake and Lothar stumble upon a warm valley—a lost

world of prehistoric dinosaurs, dominated by the jewelled city. Mesmerised by a powerful beam from a tower Lothar walks blindly toward the city. Mandrake, keeping his eyes away from the beam, follows. **NOW READ ON:**



A DEN OF SABRE-TOOTHED TIGERS—TERRORS OF THIS PREHISTORIC WORLD! AND NOW MANDRAKE UNDERSTANDS! THE LIGHT BEAM HAS DRAWN LOTHAR INTO THIS DEN—TO HIS DEATH!



MANDRAKE TRIES TO PULL HIM BACK -- BUT HE WON'T BUDGE. -- HE STANDS LIKE A STATUE UNAWARE OF THE QUICK DEATH HE FACES--



MANDRAKE TRIES TO OVERCOME THE TIGER WITH HIS HYPNOTIC POWER. "I MUST CREATE SOME IMAGE HE'LL KNOW AND FEAR--HE MUST HAVE SOME NATURAL ENEMY," HE THINKS DESPERATELY.



"AH, OF COURSE, TYRANNOSAURUS REY!" THINKS MANDRAKE, CREATING THE IMAGE OF THE MONSTER THEY'D MET AT THE QUARRY'S EDGE. IT WORKS! SNARLING WITH FEAR, THE TIGER RETREATS--



MANDRAKE ACTS QUICKLY. "SORRY, LOTHAR," HE SAYS. STRIKING HIM HARD--



OUTSIDE THE DEN: "WHERE AM I?" ASKS LOTHAR, COMING OUT OF HIS TRANCE. "IN THE CITY OF JEWELS," LAUGHS MANDRAKE.



"NO WONDER THIS LAND'S NEVER BEEN OVERRUN," SAYS MANDRAKE. "ALL INVADERS ARE DRAWN IN BY THAT HYPNOTIC LIGHT BEAM TO THEIR DEATHS! WHAT A CURIOUS--AND POTENT--WEAPON!"



THEY STARE AT THE GLITTERING, AMAZING CITY OF JEWELS, AT THE STREETS PAVED WITH DIAMONDS AND EMERALD BLOCKS, AT THE GEM-STUDDED WALLS. "WHO DID ALL THIS? ARE THERE NO PEOPLE HERE?" CALLS MANDRAKE. "THERE IS NO ANSWER--ONLY THE SILENCE OF A TOMB."



MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR ENTER A HOUSE. "LOOK, GLASSES MADE FROM BIG RUBIES!" SAYS LOTHAR. "IN A CITY OF JEWELS, THE WOMEN WORE PAINTED WOODEN JEWELS," LAUGHS MANDRAKE. "REAL GEMS WERE TOO COMMON!"



TO BE CONTINUED



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ARIES (March 21-April 20): If you sing at too high a pitch you'll be likely to crack on the top note. The fine effect you'd hoped to achieve could be ruined on September 13 by attempting the impossible.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): You may win on an outside chance, Mr. Taurus. That could be a girl, a horse, or a job, according to the field in which you speculate. September 15 is a good day.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Don't sign any documents or write important letters on September 14. Don't go on expeditions outside your regular run; play safe, stay home, and relax.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Be an old-fashioned girl and you'll hide your light under a bushel. This week favors the career woman who is a go-getter. Advertise yourself, your talents, your hopes, and the world will beat a path to your door on September 11.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Build on sand and your house of cards may collapse. On September 13 you may be dealing with unreliable people. Postpone decisions until next week.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): You're a potter at the wheel, shaping the clay which is your future. It's up to you whether the job is ill-shapen, because the hand trembled, or whether care and skill will produce an object of beauty, with September 12 a day long to be remembered.

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As I read the Stars

By
EVE HILLIARD

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Is it a case of "don't fence me in"? Are you a prisoner in a pleasant setting, unable to get out into the market-place? September 12 may open a window.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): A call to arms because someone dear to you is under fire and being criticised unfairly. You may be warm in defence of a friend on September 17.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20). A good seat in the front row among guests of honor is reserved for these happy, successful sons and daughters of Jupiter on September 12.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): You're a realist and forever checking up on facts. This will stand you in good stead on September 12.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Stop, look, and listen. Watch for the green light and September 14 will be happy and enjoyable.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Partnerships for Pisceans can bring wonderful happiness, but the slightest deceit will bite deeply into a Piscean heart. September 13 is a good day.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by filling in the form below and sending it with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following may be selected:

- September is the Time to Sow Seeds.
- How to Keep Your Garden Healthy.
- Springtime in the Rockeries.
- How to Grow Good Carnations.
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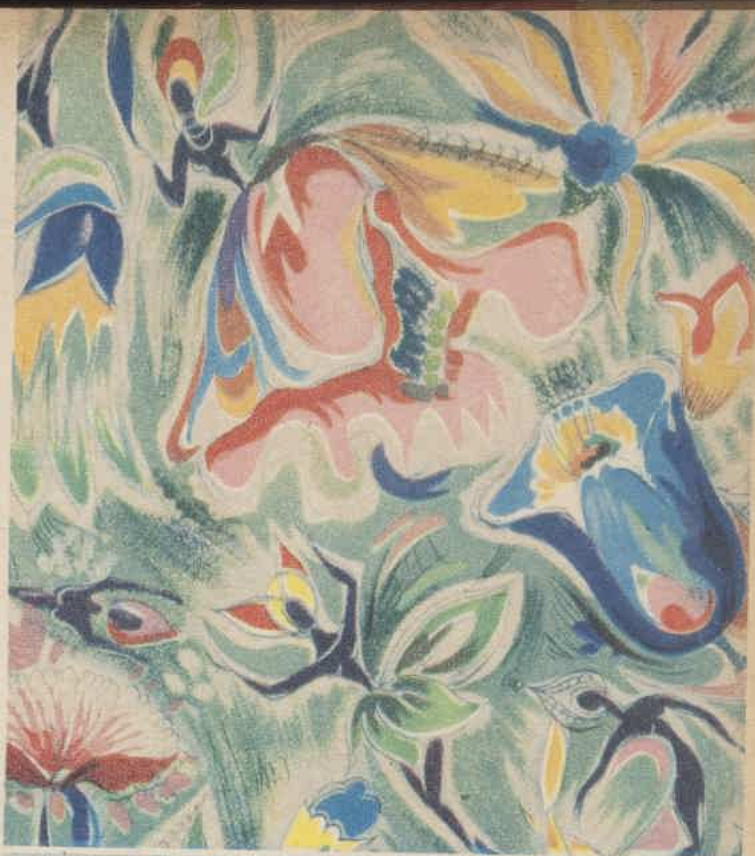
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RICH FLORAL DESIGN on smoky-pink background. Clusters of purple juchias and pastel-shaded orchids are scattered about with single white jasmine blossoms.



WHIRLING SKIRTS of stylised ballerina figures woven into this intricate design are masses of flower petals blending the rich colors of their live counterparts.

New contest for fabric designs

● The designs on this page are among the finalists for a 300-guinea textile-designing prize which is being awarded this year for the first time.

THE prize, which in future will be given annually, is intended to encourage local designers.

The winner will have the satisfaction of knowing that fabrics printed from his design will have a world-wide sale. Usually, designs by Australian artists are sold only on the home market.

There were 750 entries from all over Australia for the Grafton Prize. The competition has been organised by the Calico Printers' Association to mark jointly the association's jubilee and Australia's. The 1951 prize-winner will be announced on September 12 at an exhibition of the designs in Sydney.

The competition judges have been impressed by the high standard of most of the entries, which indicates, they say, that Australians can offer new ideas, good color sense and draughtsmanship to the textile trade.



LINKING MAPS OF AUSTRALIA is a chain of emblems and products of each State.



ARTIST'S PALETTE AND BRUSH. Splashes of paint on palettes make brightly colored flowers.



FRIEZE design has a marine-life motif in alternate bands of color.



GAY SURREALIST DESIGN is ideal for sports fabrics (above).

TREASURE - CHESTS pour out their gold coins under a green sea.



AT four o'clock Paul woke, completely aware of his surroundings and feeling hungry. The woman who had been there several times before when he had wakened stood up now and went to the door.

He heard her call softly and, a few moments later, she whispered to someone outside the door and then came to his bed. She sat down on the coverlet and he saw that she held a little tray on her knee.

"Try to take some of this," she said gently, and he drank the beef-tea gratefully.

"That was good," he said. "What time is it, please?"

"Ten-past four in the afternoon."

"What afternoon?"

"Sunday."

"Sunday?"

But it was too difficult to try to remember what day it had been when the dump went up. At any rate, all the days were similar out here—some of the chaps were very careful to count them, but he had never bothered. After a few minutes he opened his eyes again.

"What place is this?"

"This is Thornfield." Then, as he looked at her uncomprehendingly, she added: "At Ambara."

He grappled with this for a moment. It was very confusing. He felt that he should know what she was talking about; that he had heard these names somewhere, at some time, but it seemed a thousand miles, a million years away.

"What's your name, Nurse?" he asked.

"My name is Joady, and I'm not a nurse," she answered smilingly.

"Not a nurse?" He gazed at her in bewilderment. "What are you doing here then? Are you Dutch?"

Slowly she shook her head.

"No," she said, "I'm an Australian, like you, and I've never been outside Sydney Heads."

The Shades Will Not Vanish

Continued from page 11

He stared at her, dumb-founded. What on earth was she talking about?

"Aren't you with the A.I.F.?" he asked. "Or are you a V.A.? I didn't know they sent them here."

"No," she replied, "I'm nothing but a housekeeper. You'll remember who I am by and by, but don't bother about it now—I've been told to keep you very quiet."

"All right," he said, "you're the boss; but just tell me—where is this place? Did you say Ambara?"

"No, I said Ambara. This is the home of Adrian—Dr. Adrian Carmichael—who was your friend."

"Adrian!" His eyes brightened with pleasure. "Jove, he was a great chap. Did you know him?"

"I knew him well," she said. "I brought him up from the time he was a baby until he went away to the war."

"Oh, yes, the war," he said absently. "What's the news? Who's winning? Are the Nips definitely on the way out?"

"They're more than that," she replied. "They've been completely and hopelessly beaten. The war's over and the prisoners are home—or they're coming home. You're one of them and you're home and safe."

"But," he said, gazing at her unbelievably, "that can't be true; the dump only just went up—oh, only a little while ago. I was hurt, knocked cold—that's why I'm here."

"That was the first time," Joady said. "That was months, perhaps years, ago. It's no use telling you just now, but this was something else; it'll all come to you later. You lie there and try to doze off again. Just think over what I've told you. You're home; the war's over

and you're safely in bed at Adrian's place—you'll remember the rest in a while."

Paul obeyed and lay gazing at the ceiling; a radiator in the corner by the window cast a softly pink blush on the ceiling, and it was pretty and warm and comforting. He dozed again and woke. This happened several times, and once there was an elderly man there—a big chap who grasped his hand and spoke cheerfully to him.

"You'll do," he said. "Nothing much wrong with you; been through tougher things than this, haven't you?"

"Yes," Paul answered, "but I'm a bit worried about things; can't seem to get the hang of them."

"Take it slowly," the big man said. "Can't digest too much information at once. See you to-morrow—you'll know all the answers by then."

WHEN he had gone, Joady came back with a woman he didn't know, and they talked to him. He replied politely, but when the other woman had gone he called Joady and, when she came to him, he said: "I say, will you be able to stay with me?"

"Yes, of course," she said. "It won't make you too tired, will it?"

"No, I've had plenty of rest. That was Adrian's mother who was here."

"Was it?" he said. "But look, why I want you is—well, I know you now, don't I? And I don't want to start all over with someone else. I mean, I can go on from where we were before and you'll understand, won't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, it will

be easier. Only you must promise to stop talking when I tell you—and you won't worry, will you?"

"No," he answered. "I don't seem to feel so worried now."

Throughout the night they went on in this way: he would wake from an hour's sleep, his mind clearer each time, and then he would start his questioning and, patiently, she gave him the clear, slow answers he needed.

Several times she brought him food—light food that slid warmly down his throat and strengthened him—and once she sponged him with a soft, warm cloth. After this he slept for several hours, and when he woke it was light outside again.

"Joady," he said, "didn't I go to a long, white house up in some hills?"

"Yes," she answered, and she drew back the curtain a little. "Those are the hills—remember?"

He gazed at them for a moment.

"Cedar Hill," he said at length, in a pleased voice. "That's Adrian's place—where he lived, I mean; his home."

"Yes," she said, letting the curtain fall, "this was his childhood's home, and he bought Cedar Hill when he was married."

"Oh, yes," he said, "he was married, poor chap, wasn't he?"

She said nothing, and he thought: better not say too much about that. Vaguely he remembered that there was some trouble there. He'd remember it later, but he knew that Adrian wasn't happy; that there'd been something about a letter...

When Joady went to get his breakfast, Adrian's mother came in and he greeted her politely, but he didn't know

New house design

EXPERIMENTAL houses that look like the top halves of eggs have been built in Milan (Italy).

Because they are just domes sitting on the ground they have more space inside in relation to the amount of material they use than homes of any other shape.

The egg-houses use three-eighths less material—wood, fibro, brick, or concrete—than a box-shaped house the same height with the same ground area.

With a diameter of 25 ft. at ground level they have five rooms—a living-room (150 sq. ft.), bedroom (167 sq. ft.), kitchenette (45 sq. ft.), bathroom (25 sq. ft.), and an entrance hall (30 sq. ft.).

For bigger families a two-story dome with two extra bedrooms and a large dining-room is built.

Pictures of this experiment in home design appear in A.M. for September, on sale everywhere.

anything about her. He lay gazing at her. She was telling him something, something about some work she had to do in the orchard, when suddenly he broke in and said: "James! Mrs. Carmichael, is your husband's name James?"

She nodded. She seemed pleased, he thought.

"He limps on a stick," he said slowly. "He's had some injury."

"Not exactly an injury—an illness."

"Yes, that was it," he agreed. "Now, don't tell me—see if I can remember. I know—after a pause—a stroke; he had a stroke."

"Yes," she replied. "That was some time ago now."

"You know," he said, reflectively, "he was very nice to me at some time or other. He offered"—he frowned for a moment—"Oh, yes, he offered me a job. It was a good job, too, especially as I had no qualifications for it."

"Was that why you refused it?"

"Did I?" He was astonished. "I say, that was cheek, wasn't it? No—I don't know why I refused. In fact, it's news to me that I did."

"Well," she said, comfort-

ingly unconcerned, "perhaps, when you're better, you'll think about it again. I know it would make him very happy if you would change your mind. My husband misses his son very much."

"His son?" he asked, and then went on quickly, "Oh, yes, that would be Adrian. He was a great fellow, Mrs. Carmichael—the men thought the world of him."

She said nothing for a few minutes, then she went on quietly: "You won't know about this, but since you've been with us we've grown very fond of you. In some way you've stood where Adrian would have been if he had come back. We all feel it. The girls think the same."

She looked at him and repeated: "The girls—Hazel and Megan."

But that was beyond him. He lay still and, after a while, she went away and Joady brought him his breakfast.

Please turn to page 49

ALL characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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FOR a long while afterwards Paul lay with his eyes closed, disengaging his thoughts. Things came and floated away before he could grasp them and fit them into the pattern.

Once he opened his eyes and a fresh-faced, brown-haired girl bent over him and said: "Hallo, Paul — it's Megan. Remember?"

And suddenly he remembered clearly about Alec Kyles. After that things came much more rapidly, but he could not remember Honor — not at all.

"She's fragile — looking," Joady said, "but she's as strong as an ox really, and she's got a will like a mule — but she's lovely to look at, and she sings like a bird. Thinks an awful lot of herself, too. Imagines she's going to take the world by storm — probably will, too, just to show us."

And then he saw the dairy, in his mind, and he remembered the ride up the beautiful road, and that he had kissed Honor — and then he could see her. Oh, Honor — how could I have forgotten you? You, of all of them!

Once, late in the afternoon, he asked Joady: "But why did I come here?"

"Nobody knows," Joady's voice was expressionless. "Perhaps you just wanted to see Adrian's home and his people and Anthea — and the children."

As she saw the lack of comprehension, she went on: "Anthea is Adrian's wife, and Libby and John are his children. You seemed very attached to them."

"Yes," he replied. "I must think about that. There's something there I've got to think about."

He told Joady things they hadn't heard about him, about his return to his home and the attempts that had been made to cure him of something.

"I must have been a bit loco," he said. "I can remember a couple of trips to some hospital, or mental home, or something. They gave me that shock treatment. Heard about that, Joady?"

She nodded silently.

When it was growing dark she left him, after she had spooned and fed him, and he was alone for the first time. He missed her, but he was glad of the solitude, for it meant that he could go over everything he had had to

The Shades Will Not Vanish

Continued from page 48

learn anew about the family.

He said their names over slowly, recalling the appearance of each of them in turn, and their manners of speech. He traced incidents connected with them and then methodically he set to work to recall his impressions of them.

He thought about James Carmichael, and recalled some scene in his study when he, Paul, had been very upset about something, but he couldn't remember what it had been.

As soon as he was better, he'd ask James again about that partnership offer in the business — a bookshop, that was it. It would be a splendid opportunity for him to start anew — and amid friends, people who loved Adrian and who were, so Mrs. Carmichael had said, fond of him, Paul. He felt a little worried for fear he had let the opportunity slip.

He thought about Megan. She had been very kind to him, too. She was cheerful and clever — yes, she'd won herself a scholarship. He liked Megan. And Honor — the memory of Honor filled him with gladness.

Now what was it about Adrian's wife, Anthea? He closed his eyes and saw himself talking to her in a long, white room with gentle colors, a very beautiful room — and suddenly he remembered about the letter Adrian had had from her.

He recalled now that the conversation he had had with her had been about the letter.

Suddenly then he felt weary, and was on the point of giving himself up to sleep when the door opened and Honor was there.

She came to him and took his hand in hers. Her hair flung forward as she bent over him and her mouth was sweet, and her eyes were wide and gentle.

"Honor!" he said, his eyes joyful.

"Paul, you know me."

"Yes, I do — I feel that I know you better than ever before. Stay with me."

She sat on the side of the bed, still with her hand in his. "I'm just going to bed," she said, "but mother said I could come. I'm terribly glad you're better. We miss you, Paul — we want you back downstairs."

"Oh, I think I'll be up soon," he said confidently. "There's a very little pain in my head now. You know I've been getting to know you all, all over again, lying here. It's been very pleasant. I feel that I want to stay here always, now."

"And perhaps you can," she said eagerly. "Father's still wild to keep you."

"Is he?" He felt greatly relieved. "I've been a bit worried about that. I don't know what possessed me to refuse such an offer — it's what I want more than anything."

"Oh, Paul, isn't life good? It's going to be wonderful for us, I feel certain, now."

When she had gone he fell asleep quickly, and that night Joady was able to rest, too, for he hardly stirred.

She was moving about the room when he woke.

"Hallo!" he said gaily. "Good morning, Joady — I feel wonderful. What morning is it?"

"It's Tuesday," Joady smiled down at him.

"I've given you a ton of trouble, haven't I?" he said. "You're to go away from me all day to-day, Joady. I'm well able to look after myself now."

"We'll see," she said. "I'll be in and out, and so will Mrs. Carr. Now we'll get you ready for the doctor."

AFTER Paul had been tidied and had had breakfast, Joady brought her darning-bag and sat with him, awaiting the doctor's arrival.

"There's one thing that's a bit beyond me, Joady," he said. "How did I get this bang? When I first woke up I got it mixed up with the time when I connected with an egg from a Liberator at Chantagong, but I understand about that now. I can't remember anything much about this wall-p — it must have been a pretty hefty one, though."

"It was a hand-grenade," Joady said calmly.

He gave a cry of astonishment. "I thought you told me Ambara was a one-horse, sleepy little place."

"So I did — but I also told you about the soldiers' camp over the hill."

"Yes," he said, still puzzled, "but grenades don't roll down the hills and lob on you, do they?"

"Do you remember little Mrs. Croft?" Joady asked, with what seemed to Paul a fine inconsequence. "You gave her son a hiding."

"Yes, I remember that; little devil — he wrecked his mother's drawing-room, and he deliberately knifed her, too, I think."

"Well, he had the hand-grenade, and when it went off you were quite close and something hit you — hard."

"What happened to him?"

"He was very close to it."

"He was appalled. 'Then he's dead?'"

"Yes," Joady said heavily, "he's dead." And she went on to tell him about what they believed had been an attempt to kill him and the reasons which had led to the attempt. When she had finished, he lay very still for a few minutes and then he began to speak slowly.

"And so," he said, "if I hadn't touched him he'd be alive . . ." He broke off, his eyes staring in his white, shocked face.

"Don't worry yourself. It would still have happened — or something much worse, perhaps. It's the best thing in the world, as I see it — and his mother thinks so, too. He had a lovely funeral, yesterday, with flowers and cars and a lot of people — Anthea saw to most of that — and his mother is a free and happy woman. No, don't blame yourself, young man — it's far better as it is."

"It's easy to say, when one's still able to enjoy life," he said in a low voice, "that another is better dead — they can't contradict. And you can be so sensible about it . . . Oh!" he burst out suddenly, "to think of a little kid stopping a hand-grenade . . ." A choking feeling of sickness forced him into silence.

"You'll get me into trouble with doctor," Joady warned him. "He'll say I've given you a relapse . . ."

But when Dr. Harding had examined Paul he announced that he wouldn't waste his time coming again.

"You can ring his mother to-night and tell her to come and take him home to-morrow," he said. "Sensible woman, to wait until he's better instead of rushing in and crying over him. Good-bye, old chap," he went on, grasping Paul's hand. "You've had yet another narrow escape. Keep away from explosives in future."

He added, as he picked up his bag: "That means women, too. They're dynamite, I assure you." And he went away chuckling, well pleased with his witticism.

Mary came back into the room.

"Would you like anything, Paul?" she asked. "You're to have another pillow, so I brought you some magazines to look at. Joady and I are catching up on some chores, so ring this little bell if you want us. We may get you up by the fire this evening if you feel able."

"Good," he said, as she settled him into a comfortable position. "Yes, I'd like that very much."

When he was alone he spent a little time gazing at the hills, of which he could see a glimpse through the gentle-moving curtains; he could see Cedar Hill faintly, and over to the left was Hester Laing's dairy. A remarkable woman — he'd be glad to go and see her again.

The thought that he was to stay among these surroundings and these delightful people was good to contemplate. He'd be glad to go home to Dorriggo for a while, for he felt that he hadn't really renewed his relationship with his parents as yet. He must have been in a queer state of mind when he was there before, for none of it was very clear in his mind — and it must have been terrible for them.

He opened one of the magazines and looked through it, smiling at some of the cartoons, and, as he leant over to take another one from the table, he saw his watch there. Hallo, he thought, the glass is smashed — the explosion no doubt. But somewhere in his

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NOTE: Please make a second color choice for "Betty" and "Elizabeth." No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 54.

mind was the teasing recollection that it had been broken before, that there was some special significance about the watch.

Feeling intensely worried, he turned it over in his hand. Eleven o'clock, it said. He put it to his ear, but, of course, it wasn't ticking. Now what, what . . . ?

When, suddenly, he remembered, something seemed to strike at his brain with terrific force and he cried aloud. Images and memories came rushing through his mind. I was mad, I must have been insane, insane, he thought frantically.

Now he knew why he had come to Ambara. Dear God! . . . the horror of it flooded his mind, overwhelmed him. He felt himself grasping the little bell . . .

He could taste brandy when he came back to consciousness. Joady and Mary were there, their faces twisted with anxiety. His breath was gasping and he caught Mary's hand tightly, painfully.

"The children."

"Adrian's children — tell me!" As Mary gazed at him in amazed consternation, Joady leant over him.

"They're fine," she said swiftly. "There's nothing wrong with them. They're back at school."

"Then — but are you sure?" Still doubting, his eyes searched her face.

Joady looked up at Mary. "Leave him to me for a while," she said. "I understand about this."

As Mary, shaken and mystified, left the room Joady said: "Now I'm going to give you a dose of this sedative stuff and you're to sleep for a while; you've nothing to worry about — the fact that you've remembered this shows that you're better of whatever ailed you before you got hurt; in fact, it seems to me that this is the best kind of shock treatment you've had so far."

"But, Joady," he said pitifully, "you don't understand. I was going to . . ."

She put her hand on his lips. "There are things that are better not put into words," she said, her voice gentle. "I understand about it — enough about it, anyway. I seemed to know, in a vague way, a long time ago, and I don't need you to tell me about it. Just rejoice that whatever it is has gone out of your mind and that you're back to yourself again."

"But you do know, Joady, don't you, that I was only doing it for Adrian? I thought it was something I had to do for him. I used to think he was there, Joady, talking to me, and that he used to tell me what he wanted me to do."

She held a glass to his lips, and when he had drunk she slipped the extra pillow away from under his head and drew the curtains together. He went to sleep almost at once and didn't wake until Mrs. Carmichael brought his lunch. She made no mention of his outburst, so he didn't mention it either.

Please turn to page 51



Save the Savoury Way

Preparing hot meals for your hard-working family is a problem when you can't depend on power and gas supplies, and even essential food items are hard to get and so expensive! Peck's thought it all out — and suggest these flavoursome main-course dishes made with Peck's delicious pastes and those puzzling "left-overs" no thrifty housewife can afford to waste.



PECK'S TUNA LOAF

1 1/2 jars Tuna paste, 4 oz. fine noodles, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 tbsp. green pepper finely chopped, 1 tbsp. chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (grated), 1 cup each chopped tomato and celery, 1 d.sp. chopped parsley, 2 beaten eggs, pepper and salt, 1 tbsp. lemon-juice & 1 teasp. grated rind, 1 carrot.

PECK'S TUNA SAUCE

4 teasp. Tuna paste, 2 cups milk, 1 des. spoon each plain flour and butter (or margarine), 1 teasp. fine chopped shallot, lemon-juice, pepper and salt.

METHOD: Simmer noodles, chopped vegetables and pepper and salt, with enough boiling water or fish stock to cover, until tender (say 10 min.). Cool a little. Add other ingredients and mix well. Line greased mould with thin sliced carrot. Pour in mixture; steam 1 hour. Serve with Tuna Sauce.

METHOD: Melt margarine or butter in saucepan, add shallot and cook till soft. Add flour, cook a little, then add hot milk. Stir till thick. Add other ingredients and simmer 10 minutes.



SALMON AND ANCHOVY PUFFS

PUFFS: 2 cups plain flour, 2 teasp. baking powder, 1 des. spoon butter or margarine, 1 teasp. salt, 1 cup milk.

FILLING: 1 jar Salmon & Anchovy paste, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 d.sp. lemon juice, salt, pepper.

METHOD: Sift flour, baking powder and salt; rub in butter or margarine with finger tips. Form into a dough with milk. Roll out lightly but very thinly. Cut into rounds; fry in boiling fat until golden brown and well puffed.

METHOD: Rub egg through sieve, add to remaining ingredients, mix well. Heat when ready to serve, break puffs open on one side and put a spoonful in centre. Serve piping hot. Good for breakfast with grilled bacon.



FRIED BLOATER PIES

1 jar Blander paste, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup thick white sauce, grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 teasp. grated onion, 1 cup skinned and chopped tomato, 1 tbsp. each finely diced carrot and chopped green pepper, salt and pepper, 1 lb. puff pastry, covering.

METHOD: Simmer vegetables in a little water with salt and pepper until soft. Add if needed. Roll pastry to about 1/4" thick. Put a spoonful of the mixture on one side and fold over, pinching edges firmly together. Beat egg, add a little milk and brush over. Roll in breadcrumbs and fry in boiling fat. Drain and serve with creamed spinach and fried tomato.



PECK'S

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Keep a stock of Peck's palate-pleasers in hand — everybody has a favourite on the list —

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TUNA • BLOATER • SALMON & SHRIMP • BEEF
VEAL, HAM & CHICKEN • BEEF, TONGUE & TURKEY

Mrs. CAR - The Shades Will Not Vanish

MICHAEL sat down on the bed beside Paul as he ate. "I rang your mother," she said, "and they're coming in the morning to fetch you away for a while, but I've told them that you're coming back and that you're going to take up Anthea's work as soon as you are well."

She smiled at him. "You don't know how happy you're making us all, Paul. James is delighted and so are the girls and Joady."

After she had gone, he lay quietly and thought about it all. He wanted so terribly to come back here, and really there was no reason why he shouldn't stay — none at all. He was better. He knew he was completely cured and that the danger had mercifully passed.

But no, he couldn't stifle it! Underneath all his reasoning, his calmness and assurance, was the dark terror, his doubt.

You can't be certain, he told himself. You might be quite sane for months, and then it will begin to creep back on you, and the first thing you'll do, when it comes, will be to conceal it from everyone. And it will grow and grow in your mind, as it did before, and then, while they're all quite unaware of it, you'll start making your ghastly plans again.

And not only will you not try to stop yourself, but you'll be cunningly, slyly, skilfully, that no one else stops you, for, once again, you'll be completely convinced that it's a good thing you're doing. Oh, yes, you will!

"Yes, I will," he said aloud in a lifeless voice, and tears filled his eyes. It was so much to give up — and for such an apparently nebulous reason, to prevent something, something so remote that there were a thousand chances to one against its happening. He was going to disappoint them all, refuse to give what help and comfort he could to these people to whom he owed such a great deal.

And Honor . . . somewhere in his heart he knew that he would come to love Honor, for he would never again meet anyone like her, any woman as fine, and sweet, and delightful, child as she was now. Oh, he thought in anguish, I can't give up these things.

Yet he knew that he would; that now, in the blessed period of calmness and sanity, which might last forever, and which might vanish overnight, he had sufficient strength to do it; that he must do it — and then, somehow, he must learn to face the future alone.

He rang the bell, and when Megan came in answer to it he asked her to bring him a pen and a writing-pad, and a large envelope, if she had one.

He wrote for a long time, slowly and with difficulty, for all the things he recounted were terribly distressing to him, and when at last it was finished, he lay back and closed his eyes. He was glad it

was done, for the responsibility was not his alone now; but there were still things he must do, and they must be finished to-night.

Yes, to-night! He could not take the risk of waiting a single day, for the mists might begin to cloud over his mind again, and then it would be too late.

Everyone made a great fuss of Paul that evening, when he came slowly down the stairs on Joady's arm. They sat him down in front of the fire, with Jenkins at his feet on the hearthrug. They were having high tea instead of dinner to-night, and they drank coffee and ate sandwiches and cakes round the fire. The talk was at first cheerful and general.

"Your parents are making a very early start, Paul," James said, cleverly manipulating a cake fork. "I've been in touch with the Mitcham police, and

Continued from page 49

he said, "I've made up my mind — that I can't stay here with you as we had planned, and as I would love to do."

They all turned to look at him, except Joady, who bit off her cotton fiercely and scowled at the d'oyley she was making.

James said slowly: "That, of course, is a great disappointment to us."

"Yes — and to me." "Paul" — Honor knelt and put her hands on his knees, her expression bewildered, desperately pleading — "don't go! Don't go — stay here with us for a while, at least."

He shook his head, looking sadly down into her eyes.

"Why must you go, Paul?" Megan's troubled voice beseeched him.

"I can see no reason," Mary said.

"There are reasons, though,"

Joady stood up. "Bed," she said. "You've got to get up, early to-morrow."

"Good-night," Paul said, and turning from their sad eyes he walked to the door with her. Then he paused and looked back.

"Honor," he said, "you'll be gone early in the morning. I'll see you — at the Metropolitan Opera House. I'll come behind, shall I?"

She looked at him steadily, kneeling on the hearthrug, her hands clasped, elbows resting on the settee; her face was pale and filled with bewilderment and pain. As he went out, she slumped in a little heap and rested her head on her arm, gazing, gazing into the fire . . .

When he was settled for the night, he took the large envelope from the pages of the magazine where he had hidden it.

"Joady," he said, "come and sit by me a minute." And when she was seated he lay still, gazing thoughtfully up at her. "You know about me, don't you?" he said quietly.

"I know enough," she said.

"Well," he said, "I've written it all down here. If I should ever come back here, Joady, or if you should ever hear of my getting in touch with the children again, you're to give this to Anthea and she must act at once. I don't want to burden anyone else with his knowledge — and I'm not mad now, and I don't want to spend my days in an asylum."

"If you should die, leave it to her. If she should die, to whoever is looking after the children until they're of an age to protect themselves. I can't do any more than this, Joady — I hope it will be enough."

"You've done what was necessary," Joady said, "and I'm comforted in my mind about it." But I'll miss you like I did Adrian when he went away, and so, too, will the others — for, goodness knows how it's happened so suddenly, in different ways each one of us has come to love you, Paul."

She bent and kissed his cheek, and then went away quickly.

Paul lay in the quiet room. Strain and the sense of fierce endeavor had gone, rapture had been set aside, and now there was only a quiet sadness. He wondered how long the children had waited for him, down there at the creek.

Whenever he felt rebellious and tormented by the awareness of sacrifice, he would quieten himself by imagining what would have been the outcome if he had been able to keep that appointment. He would remember that only Martin Croft, of all the world, had been able to stop him, and in the dark stillness he said aloud: "Rest in peace, Martin Croft — and may God forgive me."

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K813

Reader's recipe:

£5 PRIZE FOR NUTTY ORANGE PUDDING

● A reader's recipe for nutty orange pudding wins the £5 prize in our weekly recipe contest.

Orange Mixture: Three-quarters cup water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or other shortening, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, pulp and juice of 1 orange.

Nut Mixture: One cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 1 cup chopped raisins or sultanas, scant 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Place all ingredients for orange mixture into saucepan, heat gently while preparing nut mixture. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in shortening, add raisins or sultanas. Mix to scone dough consistency with milk. Roll or toss in nuts until all nuts have been used. Pour half the orange mixture into a greased pudding mould, add nut mixture ball, then balance of orange mixture. Do not cover top of basin; steam in covered saucepan approximately 1½ hours. Serve hot.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Venz, Forreton, S.A.

you can drive over there and sign a statement about this business."

Anthea came in when they were packing up the tea things, and when the girls and Joady came in they all settled themselves down by the fire. Suddenly Honor jumped up and went to the piano. She sang, "Have You Seen But a Whyte Lillie Grow?" and then drifted into the little crooning, "Du, Du Liegst Mir in Herzen."

When the last notes had died away they sat for a moment without speaking, and then Honor closed the piano and sat down at Paul's feet. His heart bruised with sadness, he touched the lightly curling ends of her hair and said: "Beautiful — you sing beautifully."

For once she did not burst into nonchalant self-praise, but sat very still, feeling the touch of his fingers on her hair.

He raised his eyes and faced them.

"I've got to tell you this,"

he said, "good and powerful reasons, Mrs. Carmichael. Try not to think badly of me, nor to accuse me of ingratitude. You're all good enough to say you want me. If only you knew how much more I want you and how dearly I would love to stay in Ambara, you wouldn't reproach me."

After a moment James said: "You misunderstand us, Paul; we don't see it that way at all. A man must often do hard and sad things in his life, but if he is doing them because he thinks they are good, then he will always be the better man for making them his choice. You are our friend and our dear son's friend, and you are welcome here at any hour of any day."

"Thank you," Paul said.

"And have you any plans?" Anthea's voice was oddly gentle, pitying. "Any that we may know of?"

"I have relatives in America," he said, "in the south. I think I shall go there just at first."

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





"Old favourite tastes better than ever— Kraft Cheddar's the reason!"

reports **ELIZABETH COOKE**, Kraft's
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Put a feather in your cap with
MACARONI CHEDDAR!



1 Bring three pints water to the boil in a large saucepan. Add 1 tablespoon salt and 6 ozs. well washed macaroni. Boil rapidly till macaroni is tender—about 15 minutes. Drain macaroni in a large strainer and rinse through with hot water. Place in an ovenproof dish. Have ready a moderately hot oven.



2 Melt 3 tablespoons shortening over low heat. Blend half shortening with 2 level tablespoons flour, pinch cayenne and ½ teaspoon salt. Cook till smooth, remove from heat. Gradually stir in 1½ cups milk; return to heat, stir till mixture thickens. Now add 6 ozs. grated Kraft Cheddar; stir till cheese is melted.



3 Pour sauce gradually over the macaroni. Blend remaining shortening with ¼ cup coarse bread-crumbs; top casserole with buttered crumbs and bake 20-25 minutes till well heated through and crumbs are golden brown. Garnish with parsley sprigs. Serves four.

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W/W-12/9

Puffs AND Eclairs

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

WHEN making puffs or eclairs it is important to observe these rules:

Measure ingredients carefully, cook gently in the initial stages, and bake in a hot oven.

Baking in a hot oven for the first ten minutes makes the mixture puff. Heat is then reduced slightly to allow the puffs to cook and dry out inside at a more moderate temperature.

A small quantity of moist, seemingly uncooked mixture is nearly always found in the centre of puffs and eclairs when they are split open.

This does not mean they are not cooked; it is a characteristic of choux pastry mixtures. Remove it carefully with a small teaspoon before adding the filling.

Fillings, either sweet or savory, are best added as near to serving time as possible to preserve the crispness of the casing.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHOUX PASTRY

Two ounces butter or other good shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 large eggs.

Bring butter and water to boiling point. Stir in sifted flour and salt, beat until smooth. Beat steadily over low heat until mixture forms a smooth mass and leaves the sides of the saucepan. Allow to cool. Add well-beaten eggs a little at a time, beat until smooth and evenly mixed. Use as directed in recipes for puffs and eclairs.

CUSTARD PUFFS

(Once upon a time these puffs were filled with whipped cream instead of custard.)

Quantity choux pastry, 2oz. butter, 3 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 egg-yolks, 2oz. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, sifted icing sugar.

Place prepared choux pastry mixture on to greased tin (a teaspoonful at a time, spacing well apart and keeping each spoonful of mixture round in shape. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500 deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat and cook a further 40 to 50 minutes.

Leave on trays until almost cold, finish on a cake-cooler. Split each one carefully sometimes it is easy to split the puffs where they have cracked in rising), and remove moist centre with a small teaspoon. Prepare filling. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Cool

slightly, add vanilla and egg-yolks beaten with the sugar. Stir over low heat for 1 minute, but do not allow custard to boil again. Beat until smooth and cool. Allow to become quite cold, fill into puffs. Dust tops with sifted icing sugar.

Note: For best results puffs should be filled with custard (or any other filling) as near to serving time as possible.

MOCK CREAM FILLING

(Try this filling for cream puffs when fresh cream is not available.)

Three-quarters cup milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, vanilla and grated lemon rind to flavor.

Blend cornflour smoothly with milk, stir continuously until boiling. Simmer 3 minutes, allow to become cold. Beat butter to a very soft cream, gradually add sugar, heating until soft, white, and fluffy. Gradually beat in cornflour mixture, add flavoring, and continue beating until smooth and well mixed.

If desired, grated orange rind may be substituted for the vanilla and lemon-rind flavoring, or use either vanilla or lemon rind alone.

ECLAIRS

(The filling and topping of chocolate, coffee, or almond gives these their distinctive name.)

Quantity choux pastry mixture.

Fill mixture into bag made from greaseproof paper and fitted with a large, plain pipe, $\frac{3}{16}$ in. in diameter. Squeeze $\frac{3}{16}$ in. lengths on to greased tray, spacing well apart. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat and cook a further 35 to 40 minutes or until eclairs are dried out and almost hollow inside. Leave on trays to cool, move on to cake-cooler, and leave until quite cold. Split eclairs from end to end, carefully remove any moist centre with a small teaspoon. Fill with flavored filling, join together again. Top with icing and decorate with nuts if desired.

COFFEE FILLING

Six ounces marshmallows, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Place marshmallows in saucepan with water and lemon juice. Melt over low heat. Turn into basin to cool, whisk until light and fluffy and beginning to thicken. Fold in coffee essence, continue heating until very thick and cold. Fill into eclairs.

SAVORY PUFFS

Quantity choux pastry made with an additional $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and a pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups thick white sauce, 1 tin fish cutlets (7oz. or 8oz. size, or use 1 cup cooked, smoked fish, boned and flaked), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, whole prawns, lettuce leaves, parsley and lemon to garnish.

Make choux pastry puffs in the same way as for cream puffs. Drain and flake fish, mix with sauce and shelled, chopped prawns. Reheat, flavor with lemon juice. Fill into puffs, place in moderate oven to keep hot. Serve garnished with whole prawns, lettuce, parsley, and lemon.

ALMOND FILLING

One cup milk, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 3 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons

sugar, few drops almond essence, 2 or 3 tablespoons ground almonds.

Blend cornflour with milk, stir until boiling, cook 3 minutes. Allow to cool. Beat butter and sugar to a very soft cream, add essence. Gradually beat in the thickened milk, then the ground almonds. Allow to become quite cold. Fill into cold eclairs, top with almond-flavored warm icing, and decorate with split, toasted almonds.

CHOCOLATE FILLING

Two dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 or 3 tablespoons sugar (according to taste), 2oz. grated dark chocolate, or 4 dessertspoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk.

Melt butter, add flour, cook gently 2 or 3 minutes, but do

not allow to brown. Add milk and sugar, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add chocolate or cocoa blended smoothly with a little extra milk. Beat into mixture, continue beating until smooth and well mixed. Allow to become cold before using. When the eclairs have been filled with this mixture join them together again and top with chocolate warm icing. They may be left plain or sprinkled with chopped nuts.

SAVORY BEAN AND BACON PUFFS

(These make a good main dish for week-end luncheon.)

One quantity choux pastry, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 rashers lean bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 table-

SOFT, creamy, sweet fillings make puffs and eclairs the star turn of any afternoon-tea party, and a platter of savory puffs, garnished with prawns, is equally popular in a buffet or supper menu.

spoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tinned baked beans.

Prepare choux pastry and, using a dessertspoon, place heaped spoonfuls well apart on a greased oven-tray. Cook in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500 deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and cook a further 50 to 60 minutes. Cool, split open, and remove any moist centre. Brown onion in hot fat, add bacon, and cook until lightly browned. Stir in steak, salt, pepper, sauce, and simmer 20 to 25 minutes; stir frequently to prevent sticking. Fold in beans and parsley; fill into puffs. Serve hot.



● Puffs and eclairs with sweet or savory fillings add glamor to afternoon tea or supper. They are easy to make and good to eat.

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